

No. 1

JUNE, 1938

ACTION COMICS

10¢



\$25

Cash Prizes!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN! AND YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST OR A
CARTOONIST EITHER!

Turn to the feature, CHUCK DAWSON, and you'll notice that it is printed in black and white.

Now take out your crayons and color the first page (title page) of CHUCK DAWSON.

Then, when you've colored it the best you possibly can, tear out the page, put it in an envelope and send it into this magazine.

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THIS IS A CINCH !



BE SURE TO ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPES TO
COLOR-PAGE CONTEST

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All entries must be in by midnight, Monday, June 6, 1938

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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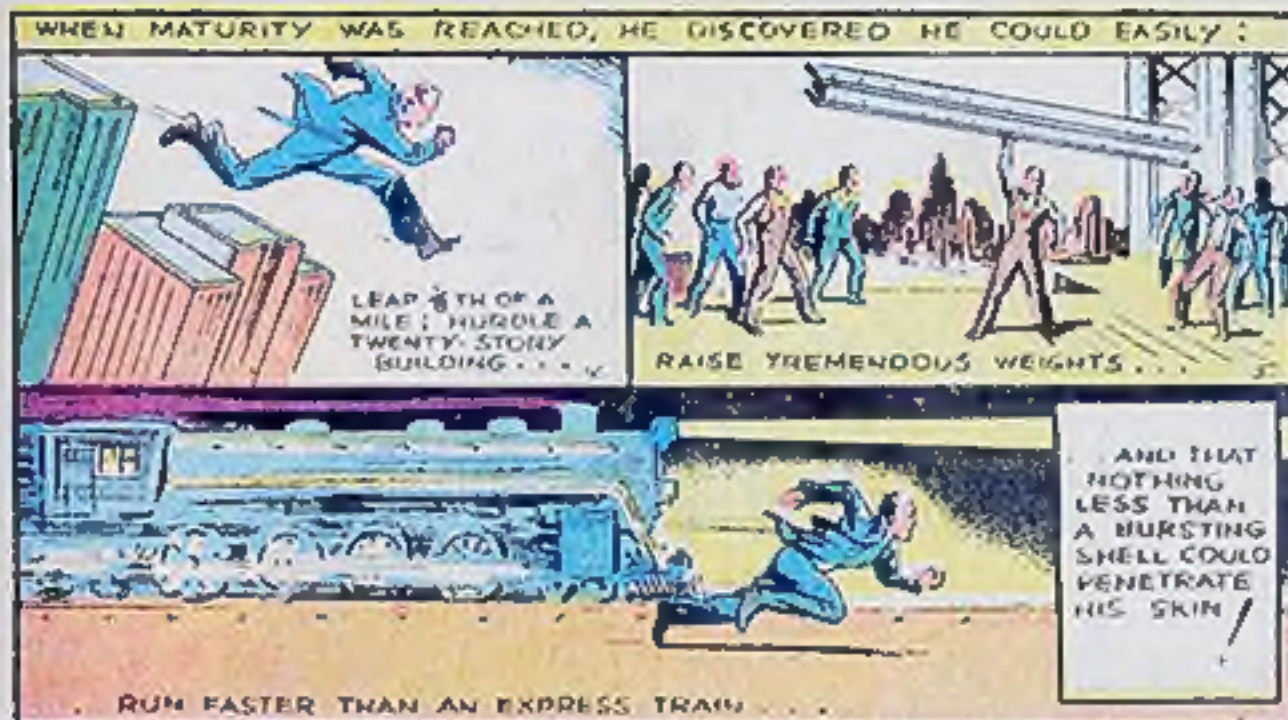
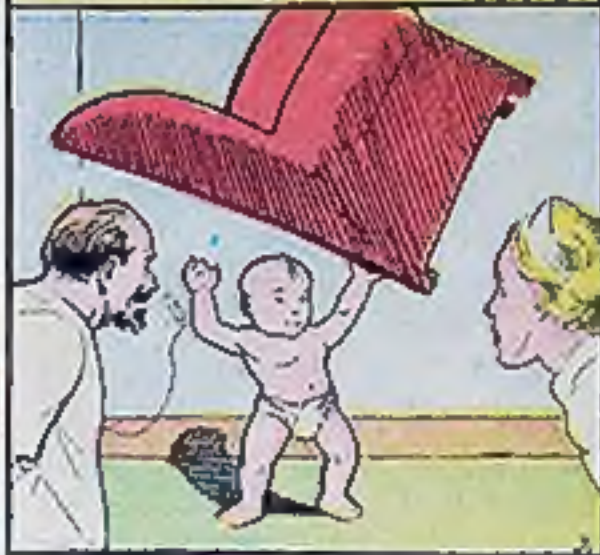
JEROME SIEGEL
JOE SHUSTER

AS A DISTANT PLANET
WAS DESTROYED BY OLD
AGE, A SCIENTIST PLACED
HIS INFANT SON WITHIN
A HASTILY DEvised
SPACE-SHIP, LAUNCHING
IT TOWARD EARTH!

WHEN THE
VEHICLE
LANDED
ON EARTH,
A PASSING
MOTORIST,
DISCOVERING
THE SLEEP-
ING BABE
WITHIN,
TURNED
THE CHILD
OVER TO
AN ORPHAN-
AGE



ATTENDANTS, UNAWARE THE CHILD'S
PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WAS MILLIONS
OF YEARS ADVANCED OF THEIR
OWN, WERE ESTONISHED AT HIS
FEATS OF STRENGTH



WHEN MATURITY WAS REACHED, HE DISCOVERED HE COULD EASILY:

LEAP 1/8TH OF A
MILE; HURDLE A
TWENTY-STORY
BUILDING...

RAISE TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS...

AND THAT
NOTHING
LESS THAN
A BURSTING
SHELL COULD
PENETRATE
HIS SKIN!

RUN FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN...

EARLY,
CLARK
DECIDED
HE MUST
TURN
HIS TITANIC
STRENGTH
INTO
CHANNELS
THAT WOULD
BENEFIT
MANKIND
AND SO
HAS
CREATED...



SUPERMAN!

CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED,
THE PHYSICAL MARVEL WHO
HAD SWORN TO DEVOTE HIS
EXISTENCE TO HELPING THOSE
IN NEED!

A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF CLARK KENT'S AMAZING STRENGTH

KENT HAD
COME FROM
A PLANET
WHOSE IN-
HABITANTS'
PHYSICAL
STRUCTURE
WAS MILL-
IONS OF
YEARS AD-
VANCED OF
OUR OWN.

UPON
REACHING
MATURITY,
THE PEOPLE
OF HIS
RACE BE-
CAME GIFT-
ED WITH
TITANIC
STRENGTH!

INCREDIBLE? NO! FOR EVEN TODAY ON OUR
WORLD EXIST CREATURES WITH SUPER-STRENGTH!



THE LOWLY ANT CAN
SUPPORT WEIGHTS
HUNDREDS OF TIMES
ITS OWN.



THE GRASSHOPPER LEAPS
WHAT TO MAN WOULD
BE THE SPACE OF SEV-
ERAL CITY BLOCKS

A TIMELESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT. SECONDS COUNT. . . DELAY MEANS FOREFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE



THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I HAVEN'T TIME TO ATTEND TO IT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?



I MUST SEE THE GOVERNOR. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!



I'LL SEE HIM NOW!



THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!



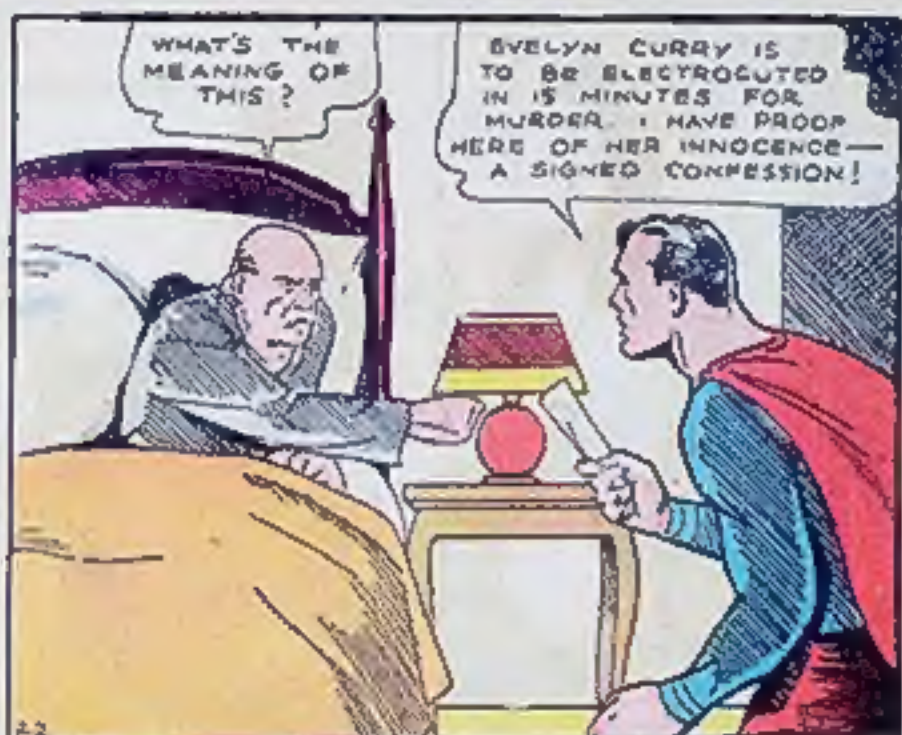
ANSWER MY QUESTION! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR?

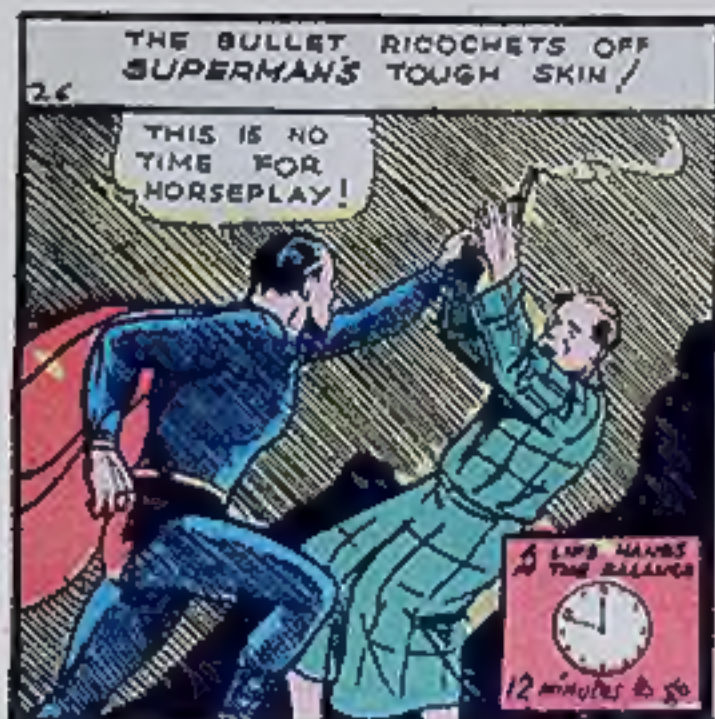


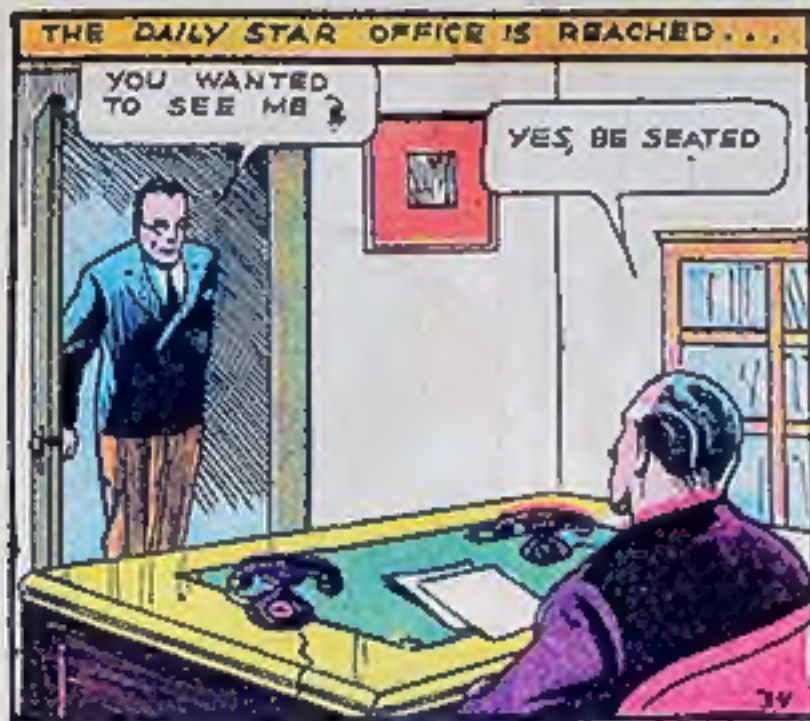
NO! I WON'T!

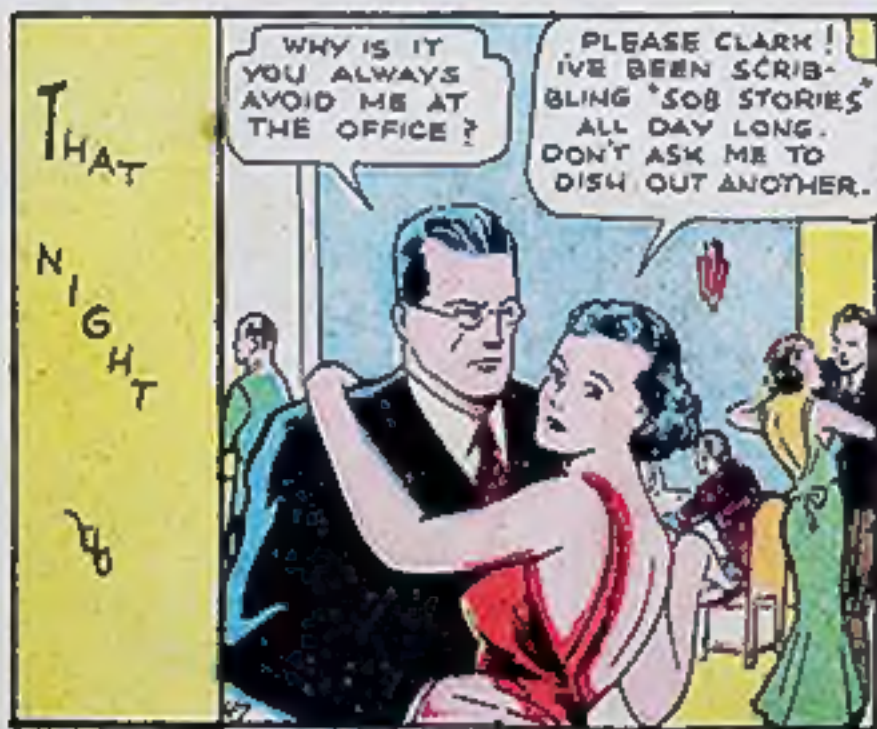
THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

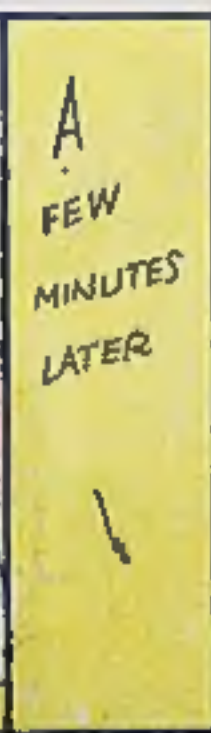
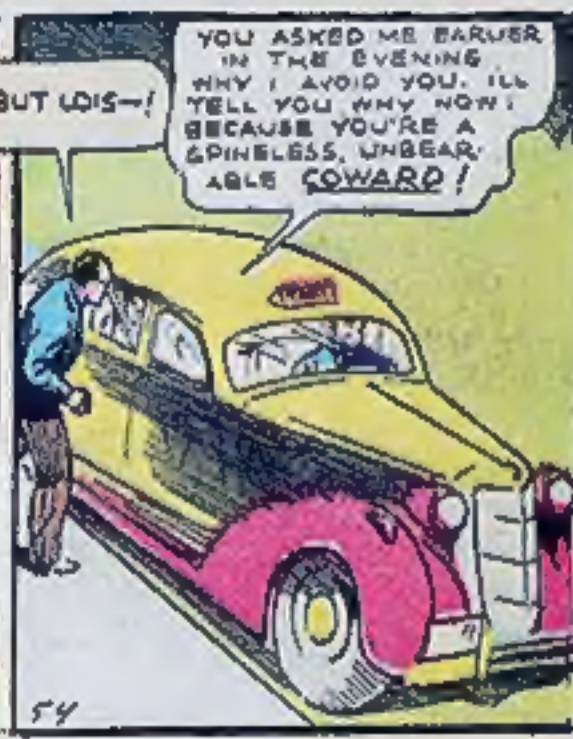


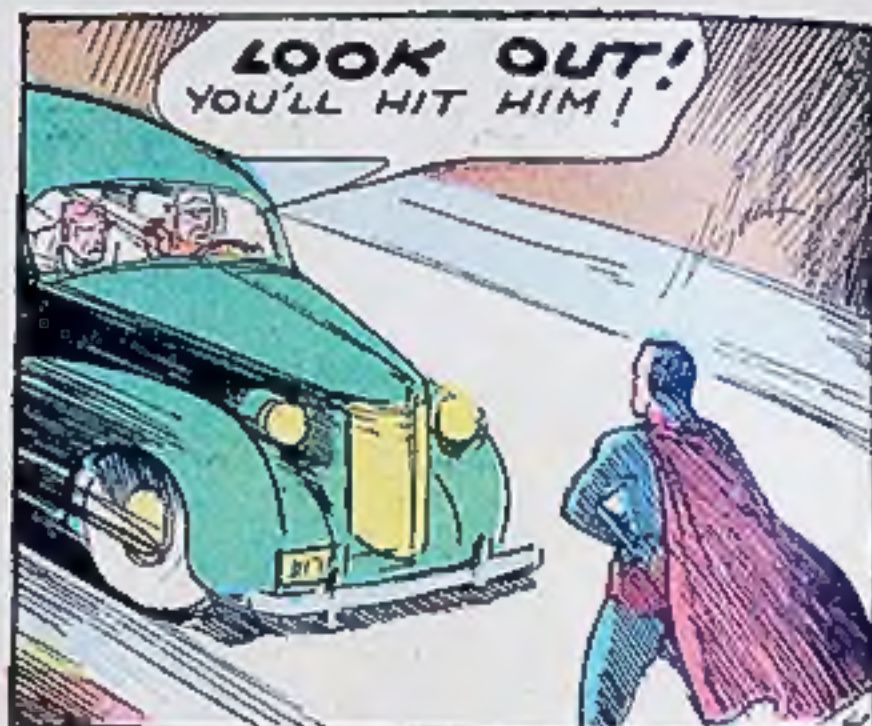
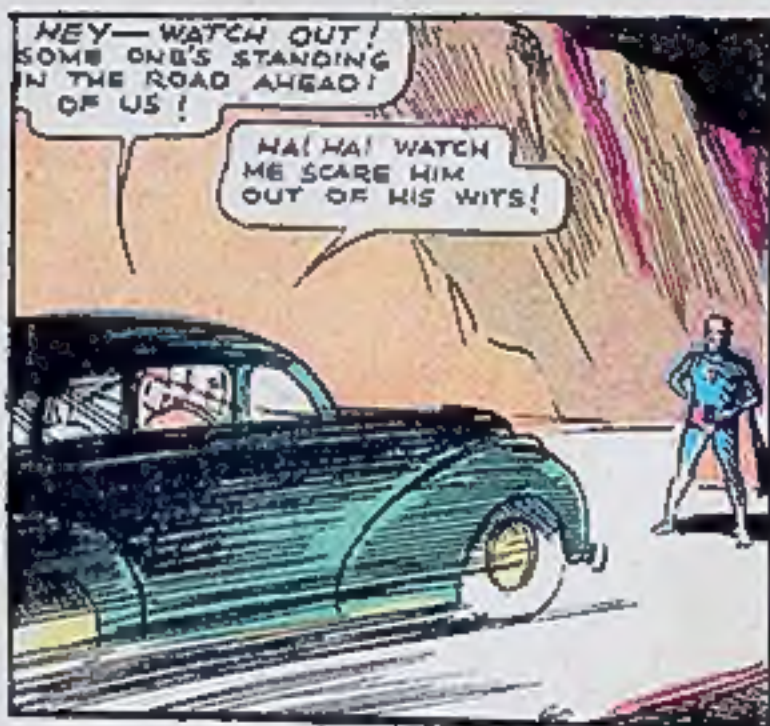


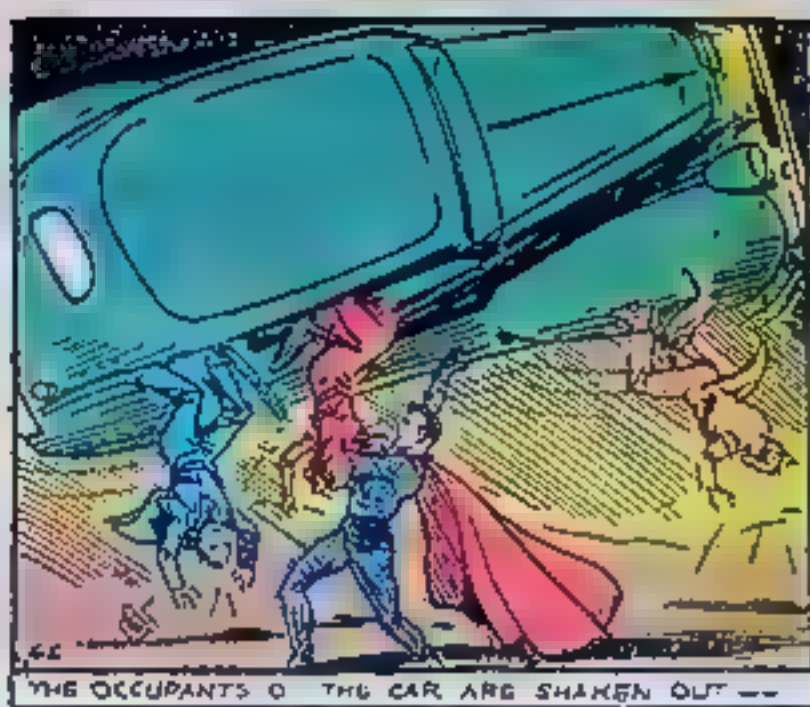
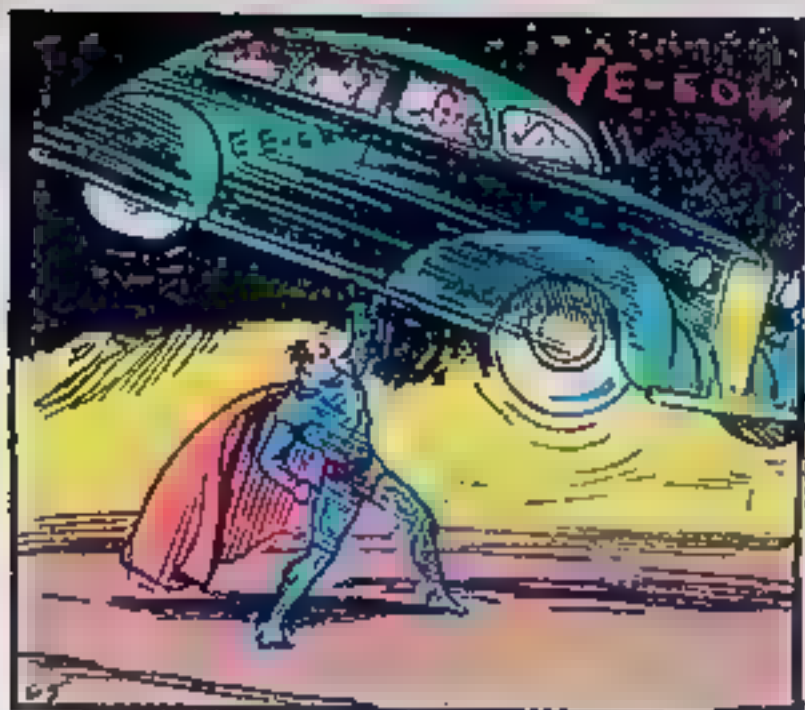




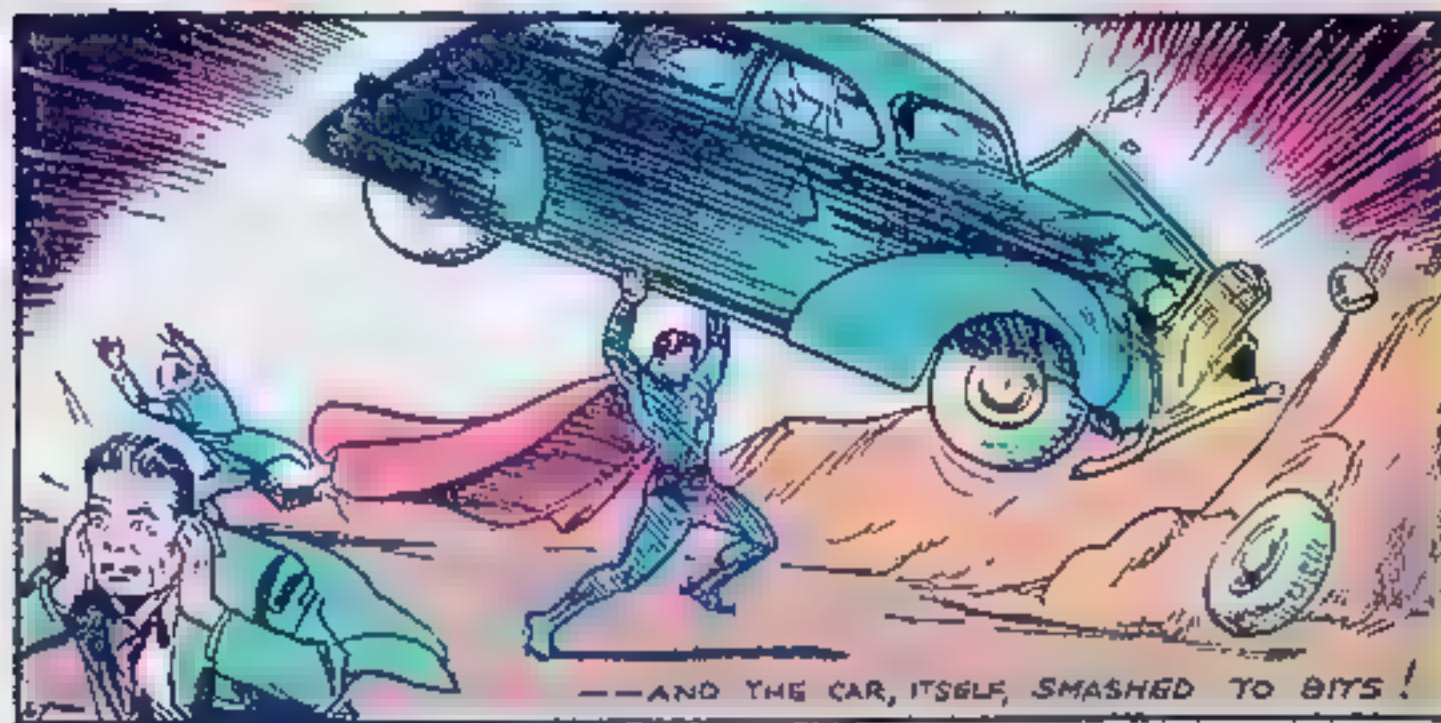








THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR ARE SHAKEN OUT --



--AND THE CAR, ITSELF, SMASHED TO BITS!

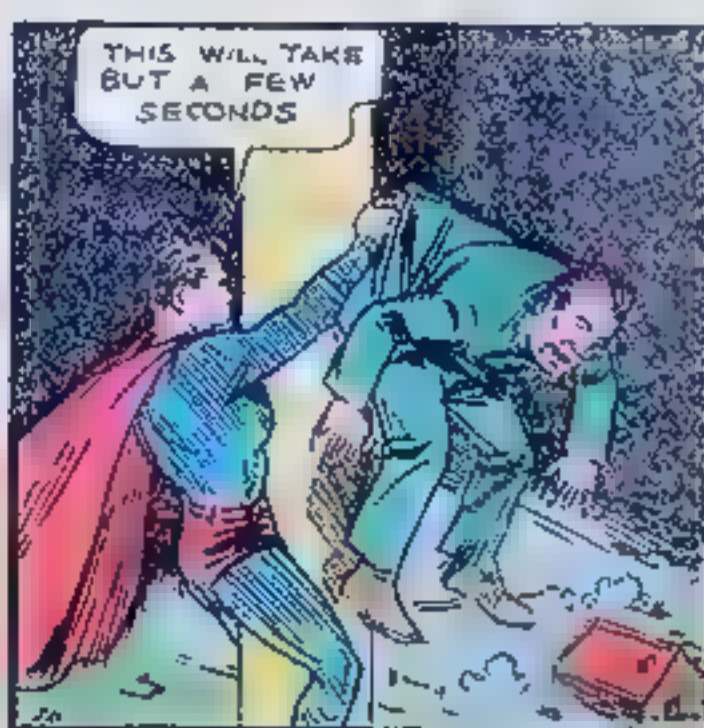
NEXT,
SUPERMAN
OVER
TAKES
BUTCH
IN ONE
SPRING..



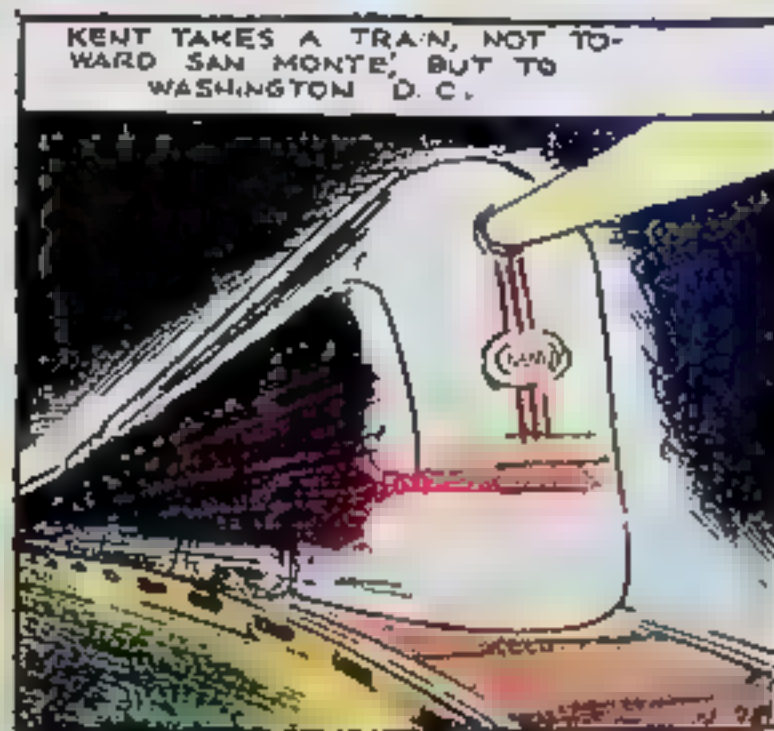
JUST A MINUTE, BUTCH!



DO YOU MIND?



THIS WILL TAKE
BUT A FEW
SECONDS



IN THE CAPITOL CITY, HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?

YES.

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A PURTIVE MAN SPEAKING BRIEFLY TO SENATOR BARROWS

WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC! UH MY HOME, TONIGHT AT 8:30

AT THE "MORQUE" OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER

WHO'S THE CHAP SPEAKING TO SENATOR BARROWS?

WHY THAT'S ALEX GREER, THE SLICKEST LOBBYIST IN WASHINGTON. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT INTERESTS BACK HIM

EIGHT-THIRTY P.M. !
OUTSIDE SENATOR BARROWS' RESIDENCE . . .
AN EAVESDROPPER L STENS IN ON AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION !

I'VE TOLD YOU TO AVOID ME IN PUBLIC. WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF THEY KNEW I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?

QUIT SPUTTERING! I HAD TO SEE YOU. TELL ME, DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED IN PUSHING THE BILL THRU?

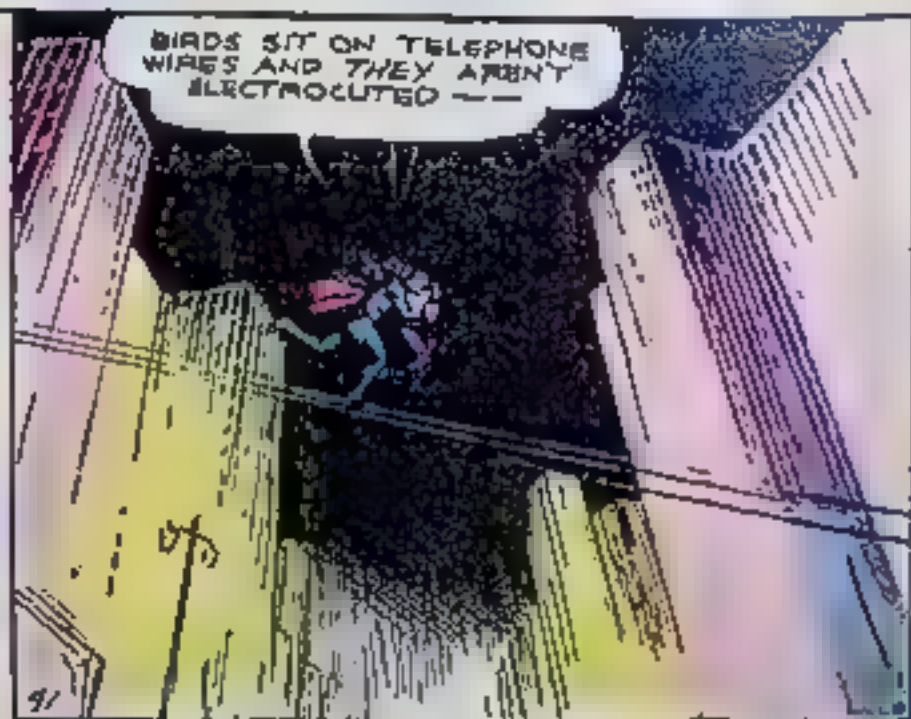
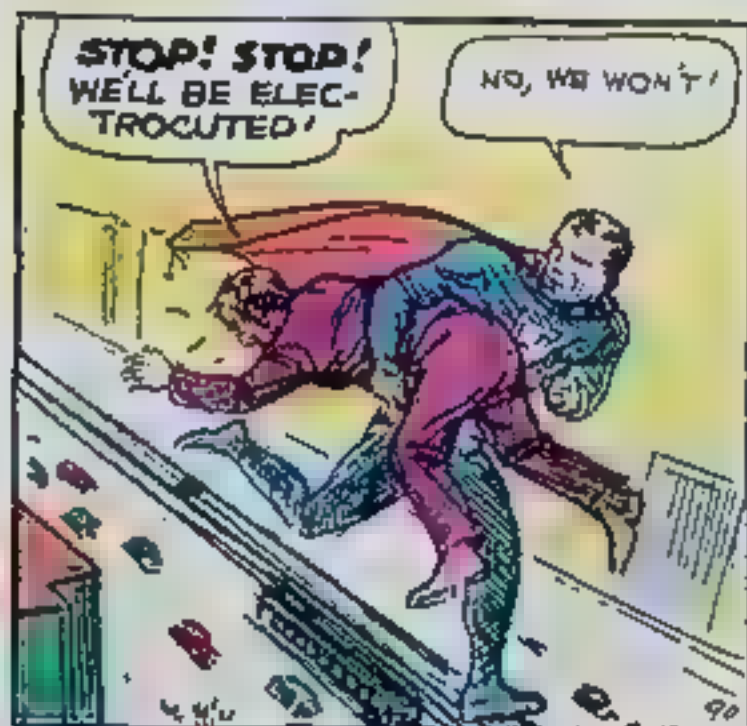
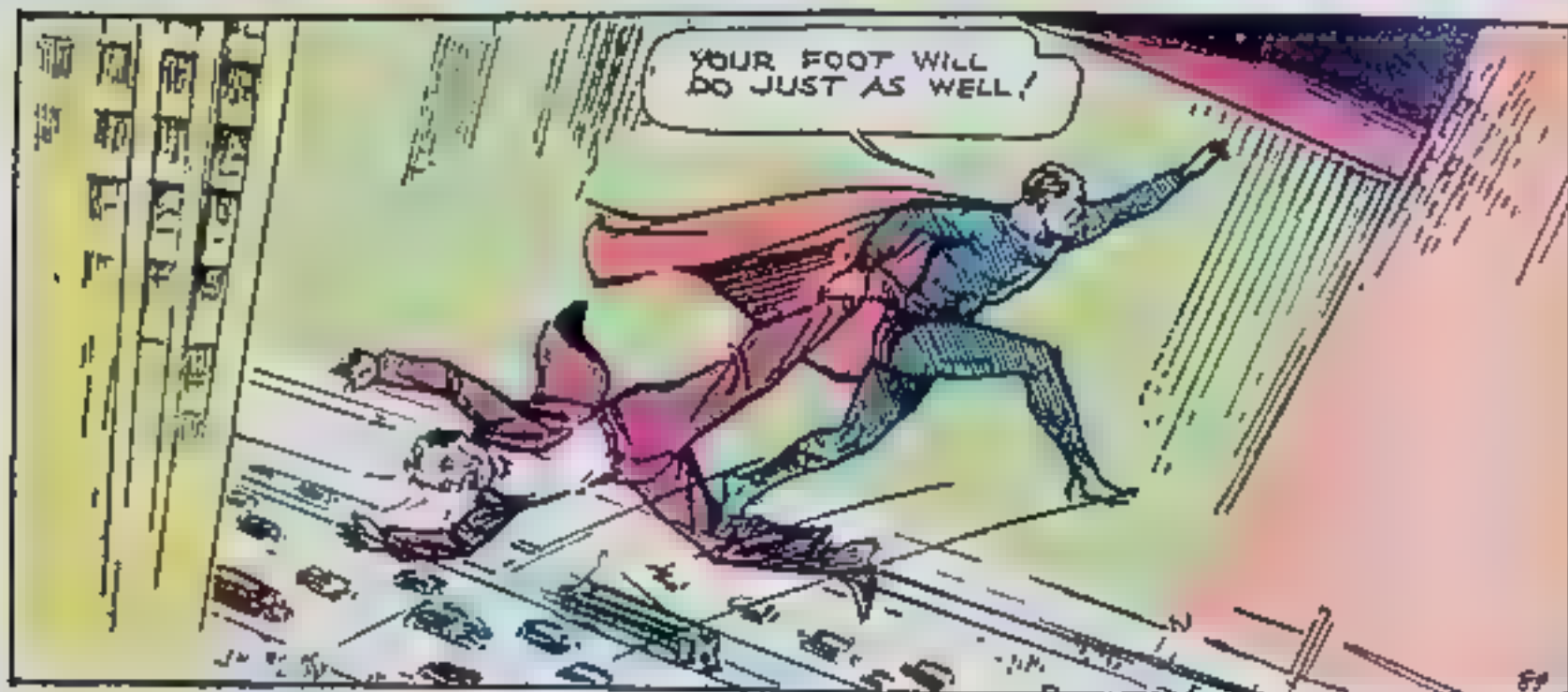
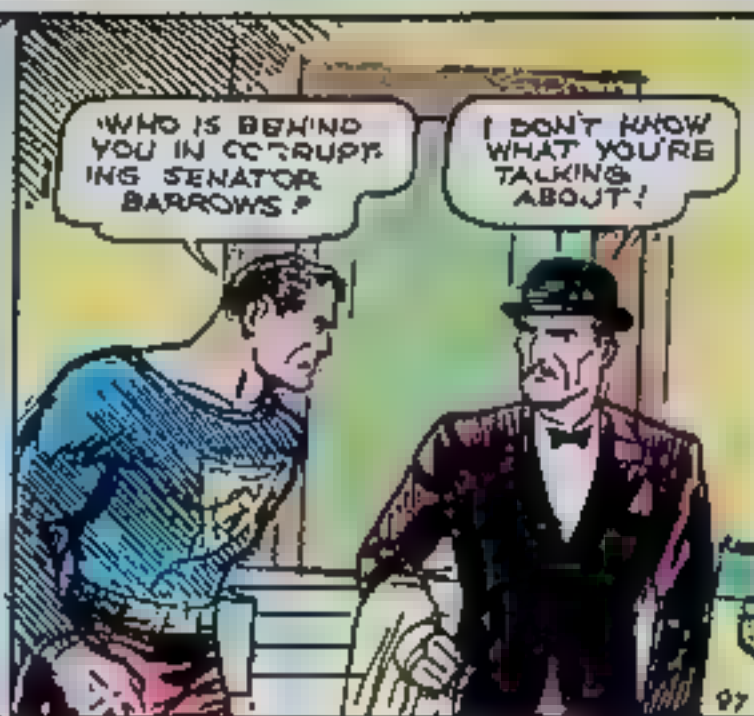
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE BILL WILL BE PASSED BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS ARE REALIZED. BEFORE ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE EMBROILED WITH EUROPE

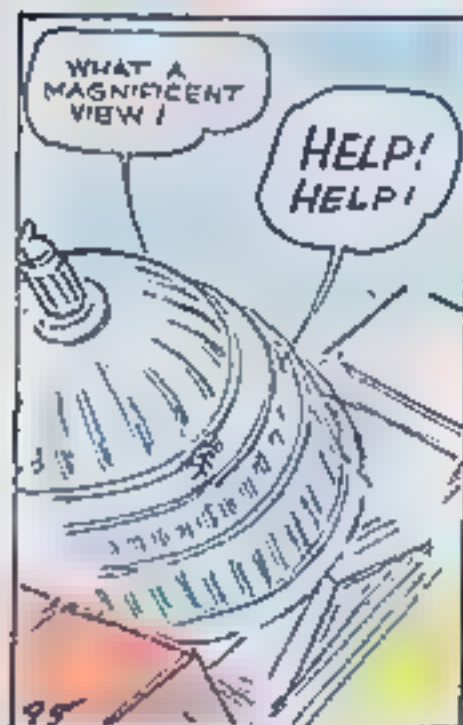
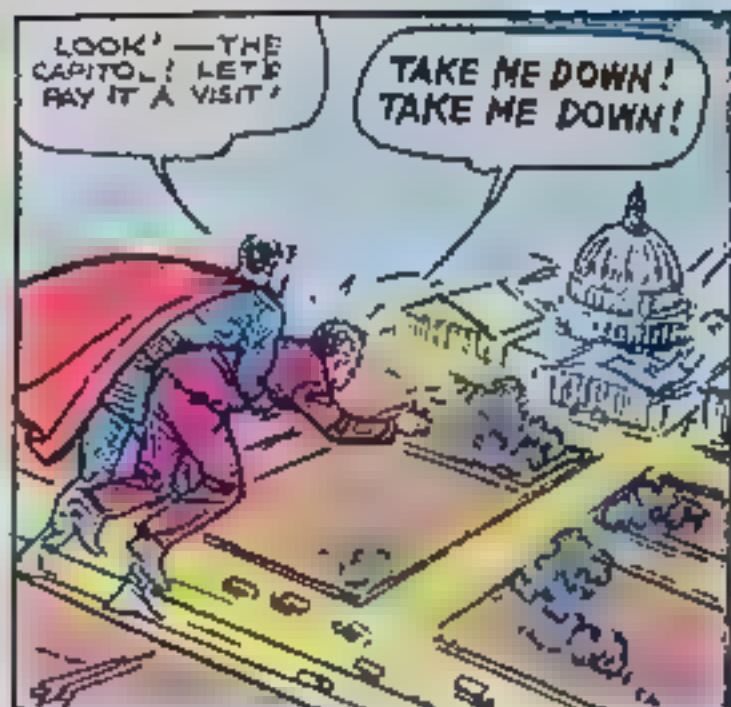
FINE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FINAN-
CIALLY FOR THIS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF?

YOU BET HE WILL!

UPON
LEAVING
BARROWS,
BREER
IS
CONFRONTED
BY
SUPERMAN





AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES
OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER
OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**



A PHYSICAL MARVEL,
A MENTAL WONDER,
SUPERMAN IS DESTINED
TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY
OF A WORLD!

Only in
ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL
AT THE DARING
DEEDS OF THIS
SUPERB CREATION!
**DON'T MISS
AN ISSUE!**

"CHUCK" DAWSON

BY
H. FLEMING



WHEN CHARLES DAWSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-O RANCH IS KILLED IN A BLOODY TEXAS RANGE WAR, HIS YOUNG SON AND ONLY HEIR GOES TO LIVE WITH AN UNCLE, A HORSE RAISER IN WYOMING.

THE BOY, KNOWN AS "CHUCK", GROWS TO MANHOOD, WITH THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE AND AN ALMOST UNCANNY SKILL WITH THE RIFLE AND SIX-GUN.

CHUCK, NOW, BEGINS TO THINK ABOUT TAKING UP THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CROOKED CATTLEMEN WHO KILLED HIS FATHER. — — —

"CHUCK" MAKES UP HIS MIND TO GO BACK TO BATTLE THE GANG OF CROOKED RANCH OWNERS WHO HAVE ACQUIRED BY FRAUD, THE RANGE LANDS HE INHERIED AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH

UNCLE DAN I'M GOING TO RED GULCH AND HAVE A SHOW-DOWN WITH THAT A-G OUTFIT. THEY SHOT DOWN MY DAD IN COLD BLOOD



THEY CONTROL EVERYTHING IN CHUCK



ONLY A FEW MORE MILES BLACKY AND WE'LL BE IN RED GULCH



IT DOESN'T SEEM SO PEACEFUL-LIKE IN THERE —



DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE ABOUT - I'LL STOP IN HERE AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS

RED GULCH

DANCE HALL

THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLIES OPEN AND A STOCKY EVIL-LOOKING PUNCHED BACKS OUT A SIX-GUN IN EACH HAND POURING LEAD THROUGH THE DOOR WAY



YOU SCUM! I'LL LEARN YOU TO TANGLE WITH NOTCH LOGAN

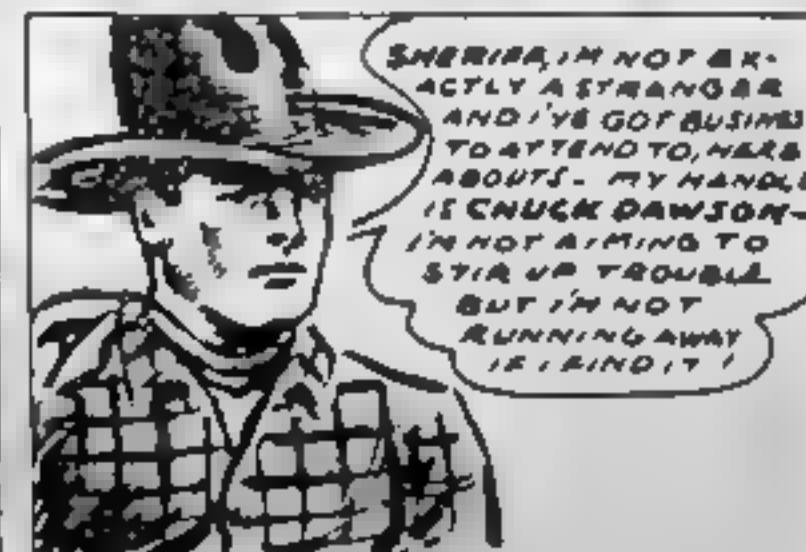


HEY, YOU! GIT IN THERE WITH THE REST OF THEM COW NURSES

YEH? SUPPOSE I DON'T

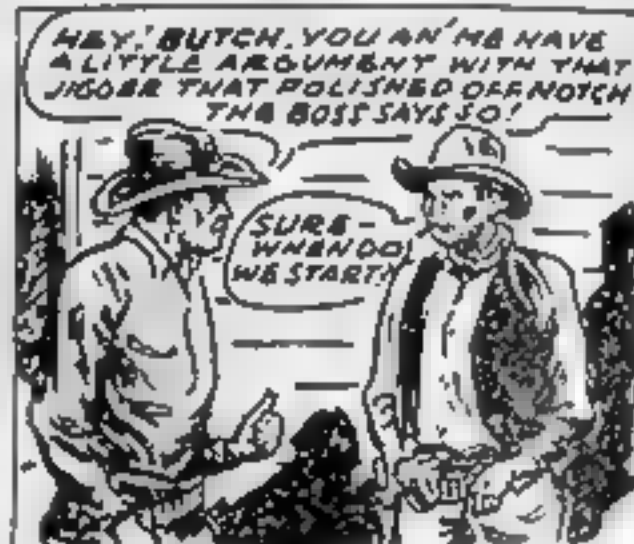


ESCAPING THE PUNCHER'S VICIOUS SWING BY THE FRACTION OF AN INCH, CHUCK LEAPS OVER THE HITCH RACK AND LANDS A CRUSHING BLOW TO THE BULLY'S BRISTLING CHIN -

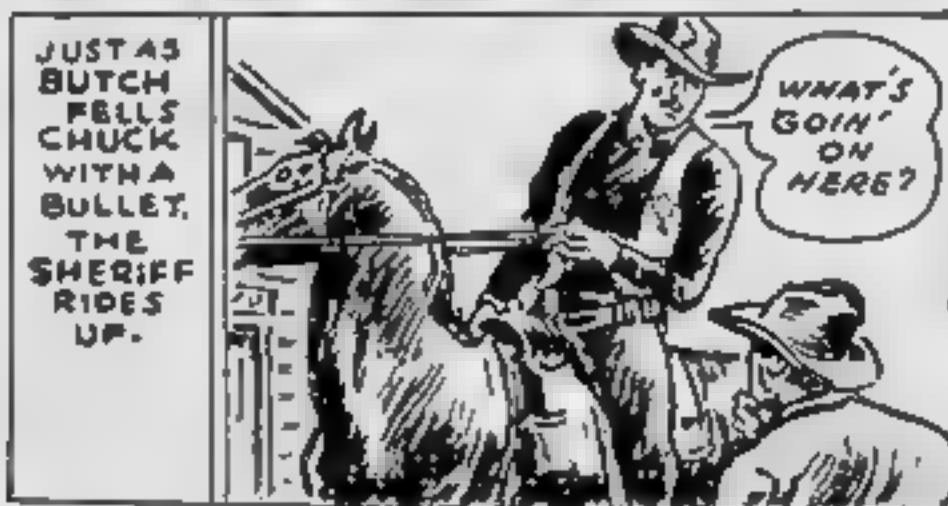




AFTER CRUCK HAS LEFT, JOHN BURWELL OWNER OF THE A-G RANCH CALLS OVER "TRIGGER" HOLT ONE OF HIS RIDERS.







JUST AS BUTCH
FELLS CHUCK
WITH A BULLET,
THE SHERIFF
RIDES UP.



CASHED-
IN AIN'T HE?

HE'S NO MORE
DEAD THAN YOU
ARE - JUST OUT-
BULLET CREASED
HIS SKULL.



TIE HIM INTO HIS
SADDLE AND I'LL
TAKE HIM BACK
AND PUT HIM IN
THE LOCK-UP -
I TOLD THAT CUB
TO HIGH-TAIL IT
OUT OF HERE

WHEN CHUCK REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL IN BACK OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SITTING IN A CHAIR OUTSIDE IS A DEPUTY.



HEY, DEPUTY! WILL YOU COME OVER? I WANT TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE - I DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO HEAR

SHUCKS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?



WHEN THE DEPUTY GETS CLOSE TO THE CELL DOOR, CHUCK PRETENDS TO WHISPER - AS THE DEPUTY LEANS FORWARD TO HEAR, CHUCK'S LONG ARMS SHOOT FORWARD THROUGH THE BARS -



NOW THEN, YOU - PUT YOUR PAWS BEHIND YOUR BACK - WATCH YOURSELF!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

ADIOS, DEPUTY! TELL THE A.G. GANG I'LL BE SEEING THEM



CHUCK FINDS HIS OWN GUN IN A TABLE DRAWER - HE IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND OF A FOOT-STEP IN THE OUTER OFFICE.



I'M GOING OUT OF THAT DOOR AND NO ONE IS GOING TO STOP ME!

TO BE CONTINUED

ZATARA

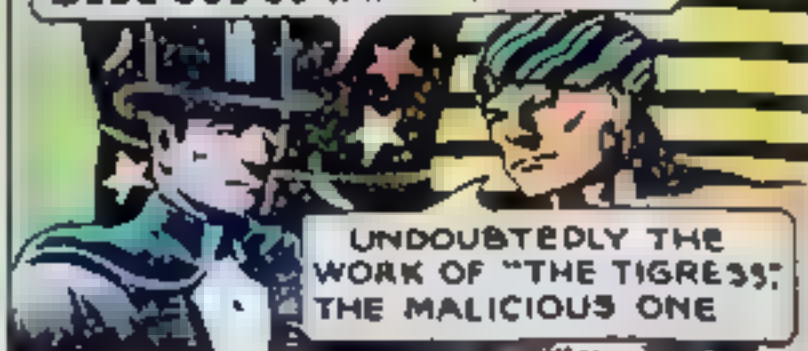
MASTER MAGICIAN



BY FRED GUARDINER

CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT, TOBY, HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO WIPING OUT THE FORCES OF OUTLAWRY LED BY THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CRIMINAL AND ZATARA'S ARCH-ENEMY, "THE TIGRESS". NOW THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROBBERIES.

THIS IS SERIOUS, TONG IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS TWO RAILROAD DETECTIVES HAVE BEEN KILLED, A BRAKEMAN MURDERED, AND \$200 000 00 TAKEN IN LOOT!



THE CRYSTAL HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG - I CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT ANOTHER ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO ROB THE TRAIN WE'LL IMMEDIATELY GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR DETECTIVE FRIEND BRADY!



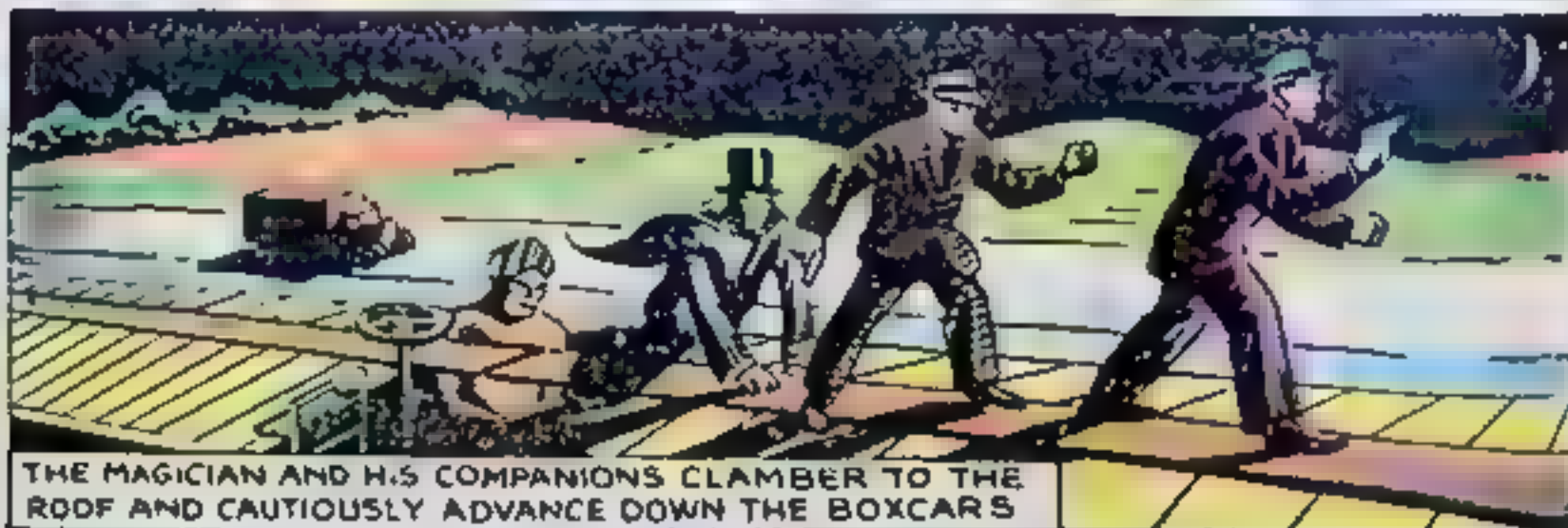
LATE THAT NIGHT THE MAGICIAN ACCOMPANIES BRADY TO THE FREIGHT YARD AND SILENTLY THEY BOARD THE TRAIN THAT IS DESTINED TO BE ROBBED.



THE TRAIN SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT BRADY, MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE CATWALK, CROUCHES LOW AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL.



EMERGING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, THE FIGURE OF A MAN, WHOM ZATARA AND THE OTHERS BELIEVE TO BE BRADY, BECKONS THEM TO FOLLOW.



THE MAGICIAN AND HIS COMPANIONS CLAMBER TO THE ROOF AND CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCE DOWN THE BOXCARS.



GREAT SCOTT-
WHAT'S THAT ?

THE RED FLAME OF GUNFIRE STABS THE
DARKNESS AND DETECTIVE BROWN SLUMPS
FORWARD



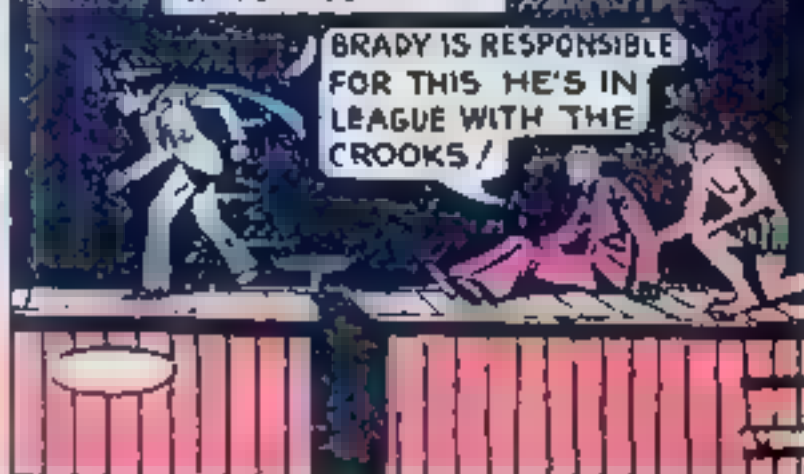
AND IS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY A
QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE POWERFUL TONG



THE DETECTIVE IS MERELY STUNNED AND
ZATARA GESTURES WITH HIS HANDS, PRO-
DUCING A FIRST-AID KIT /



THE MAGICIAN RACES FORWARD TO
INVESTIGATE -



BRADY IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS HE'S IN
LEAGUE WITH THE
CROOKS !

AND IS STARTLED AS A BODY IS HURLED
FROM ONE OF THE BOXCARS /



THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN STEALTHILY
CREEPS UP BEHIND ZATARA -IT IS "THE
TIGRESS" /



"THE TIGRESS" ATTACKS !

THIS TIME
YOU DIE,
ZATARA !



AND WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE SHE SHOVS
THE MAGICIAN FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN !



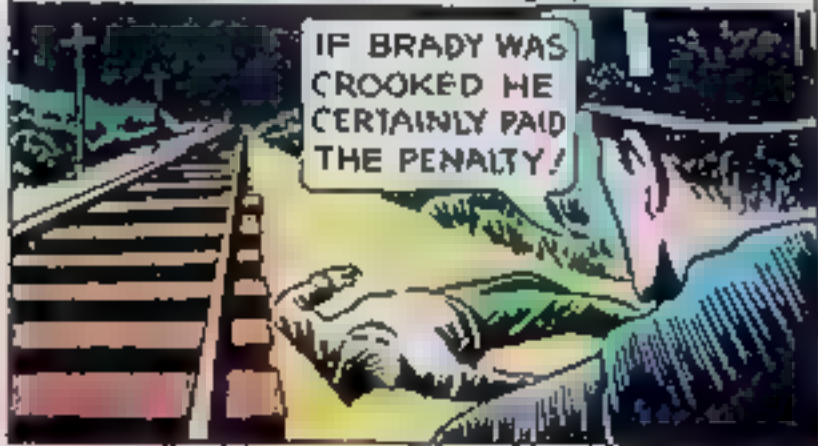
BUT ZATARA'S MAGICAL POWERS SAVE HIM
AND HE FLOATS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH !



— AND LANDS SOFTLY IN THE
UNDERBRUSH ALONG THE TRACKS !



THE TRAIN RUSHES OFF INTO THE NIGHT AND THE
MAGICIAN, MAKING HIS WAY BACK ALONG THE TRACKS,
COMES UPON THE BODY OF BRADY !



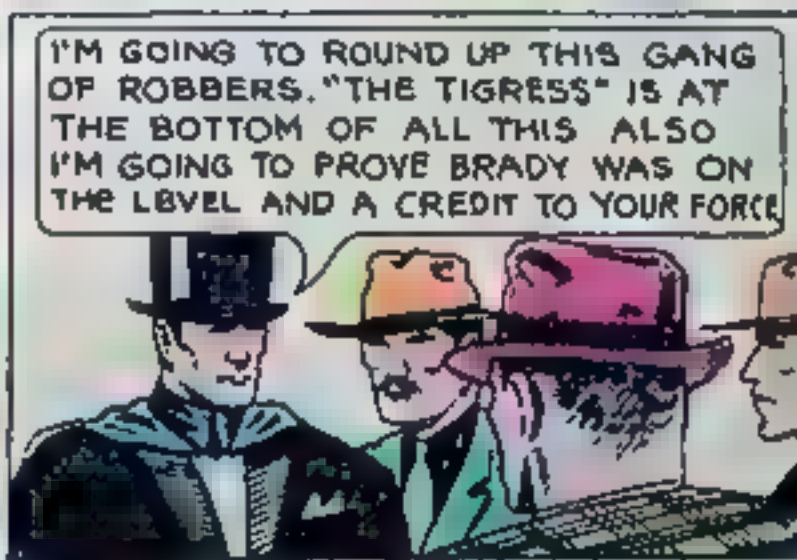
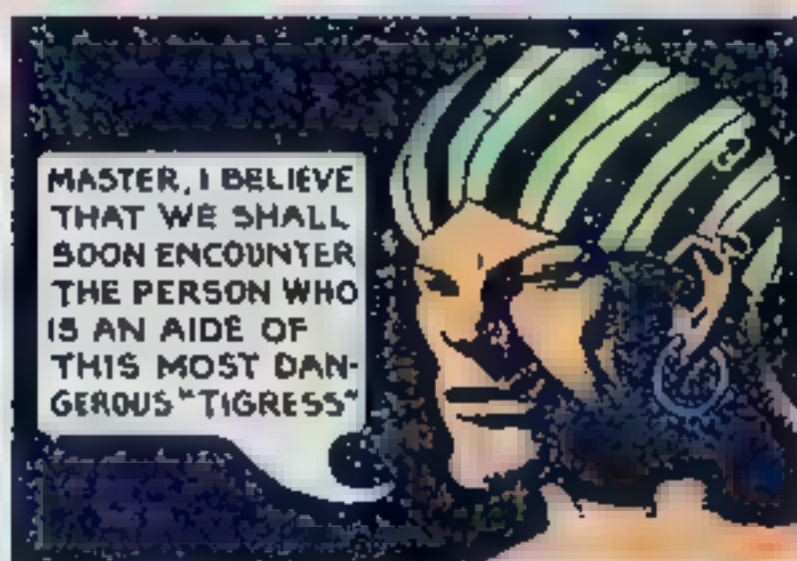
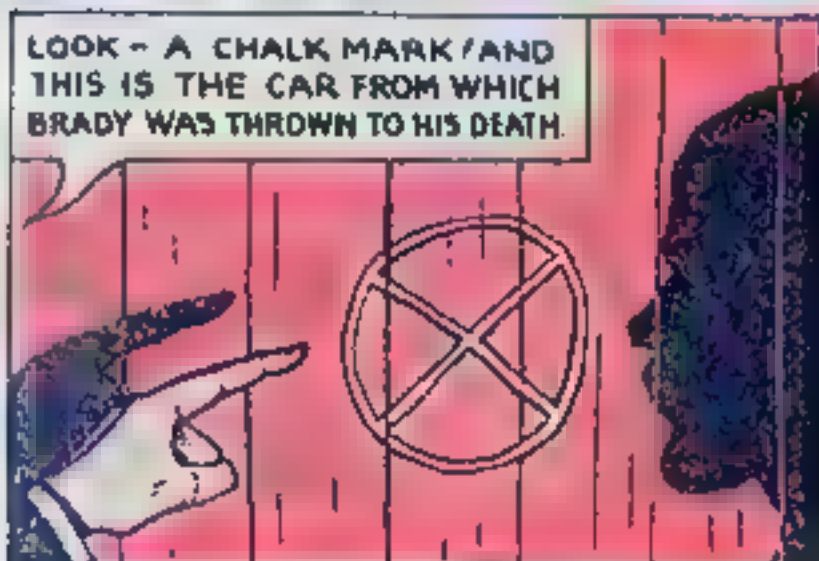
IF BRADY WAS
CROOKED HE
CERTAINLY PAID
THE PENALTY !

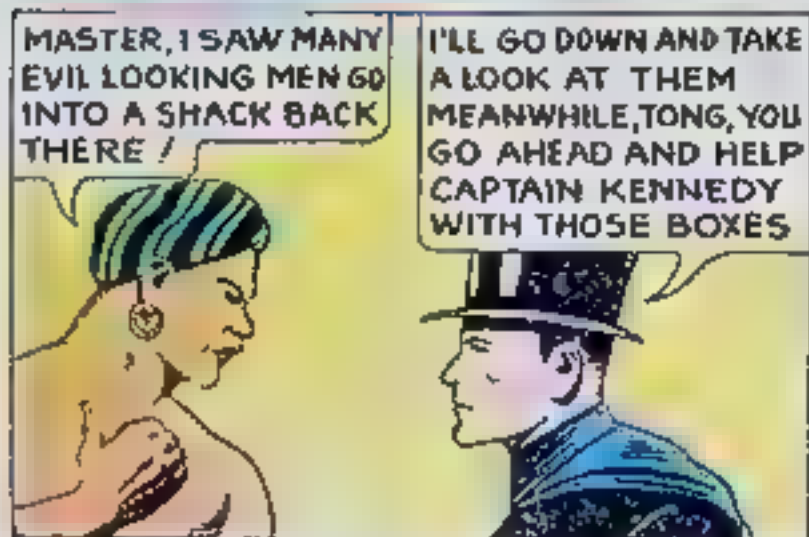
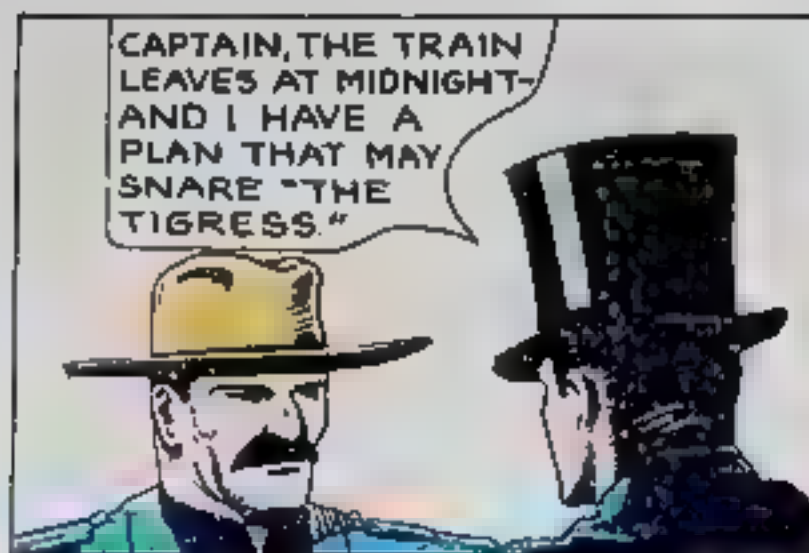
MEANWHILE TONG SUCCEEDS IN WARNING THE
ENGINEER AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT

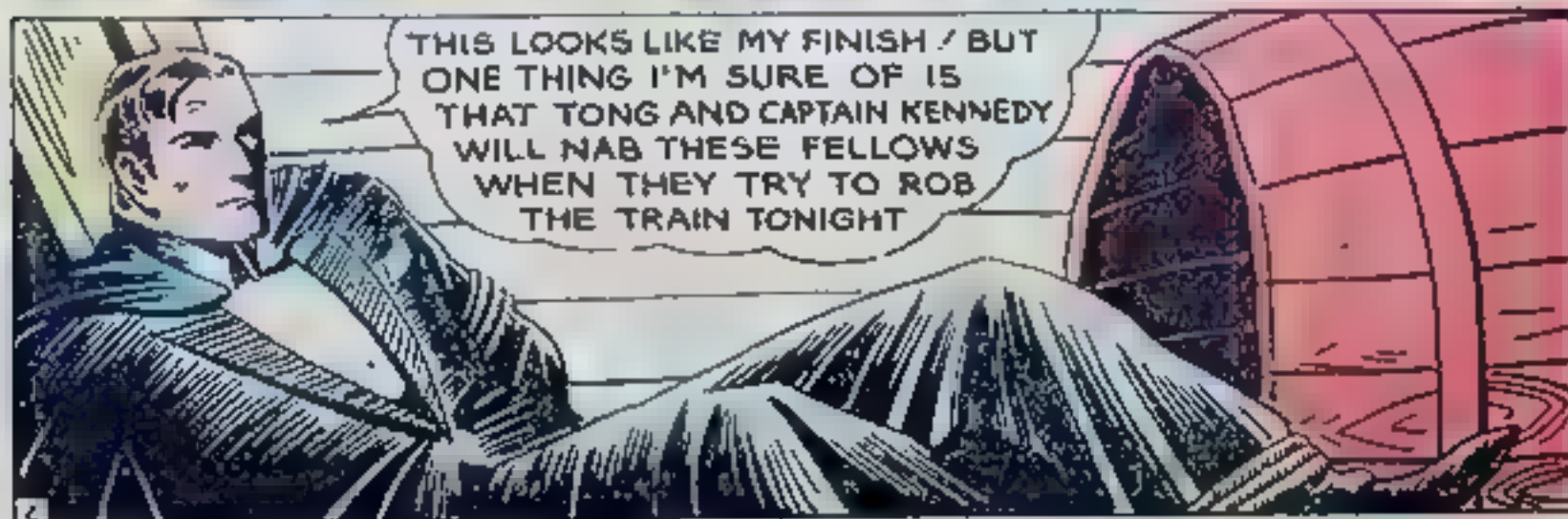
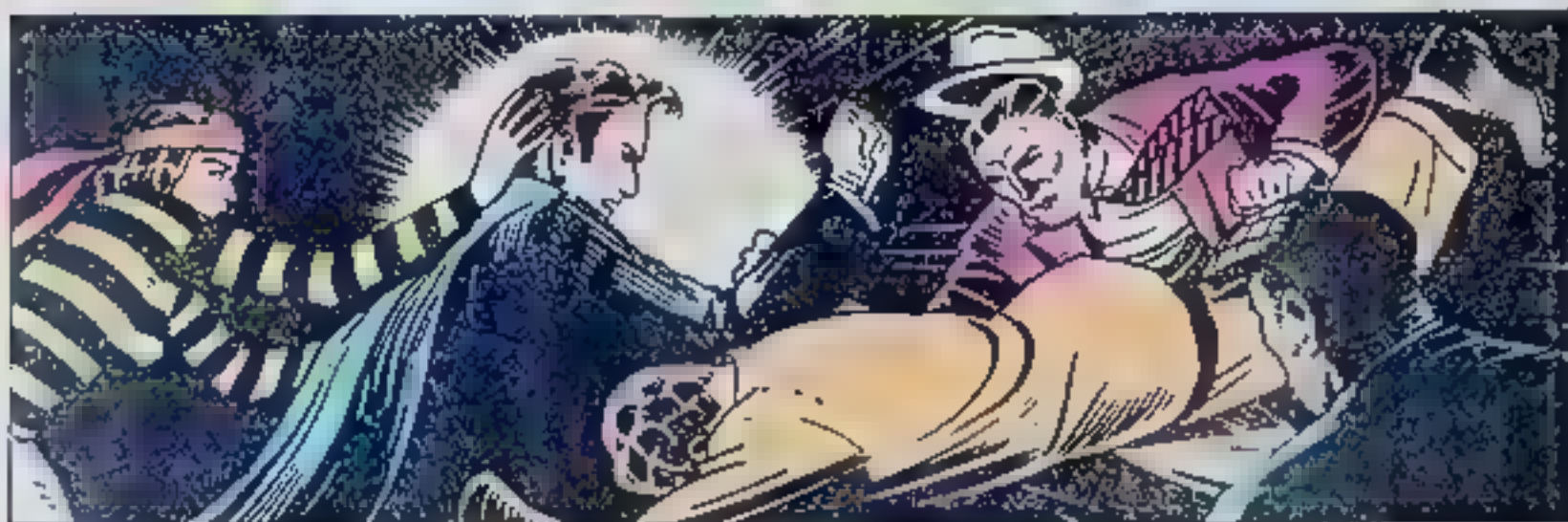


THE STATE POLICE HURRY TO INVESTIGATE THIS LATEST OUTRAGE ~

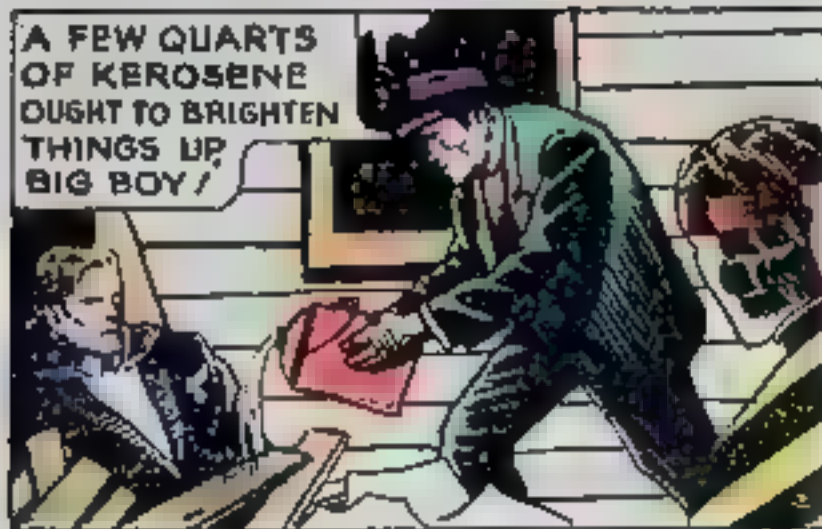








A FEW QUARTS
OF KEROSENE
OUGHT TO BRIGHTEN
THINGS UP,
BIG BOY!



MEANWHILE THE TRAIN CHUGS OUT OF
THE YARD ON IT'S PERILOUS JOURNEY.



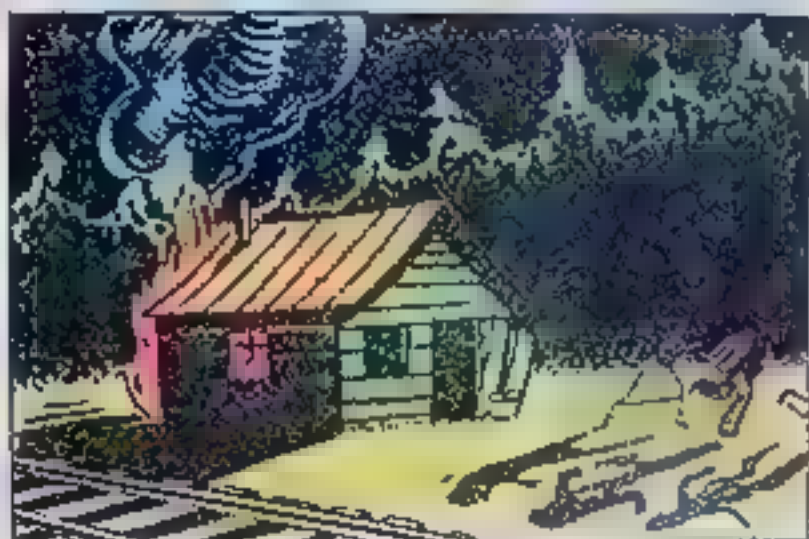
COME ON, MEN, THERE GOES
THE FREIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO
GET ABOARD AND COMPLETE
OUR JOB!



YOU'VE STOOD IN MY
WAY ONCE TOO OFTEN,
ZATARA!



THIS TIME I BID
YOU FAREWELL!



BUT THE TASK OF REMOVING THE KNOTS
IS A SIMPLE ONE FOR THE MAGICIAN.



FREE!



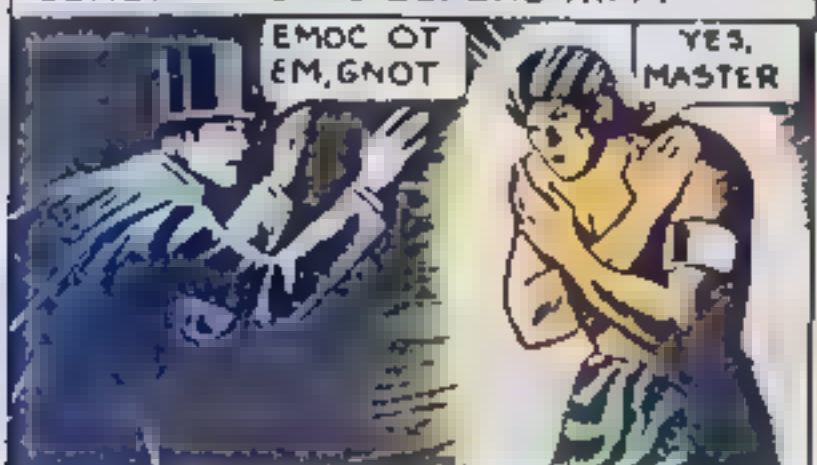


IF I STAY IN HERE
MUCH LONGER
I'LL FEEL LIKE A
ROASTED PEANUT!



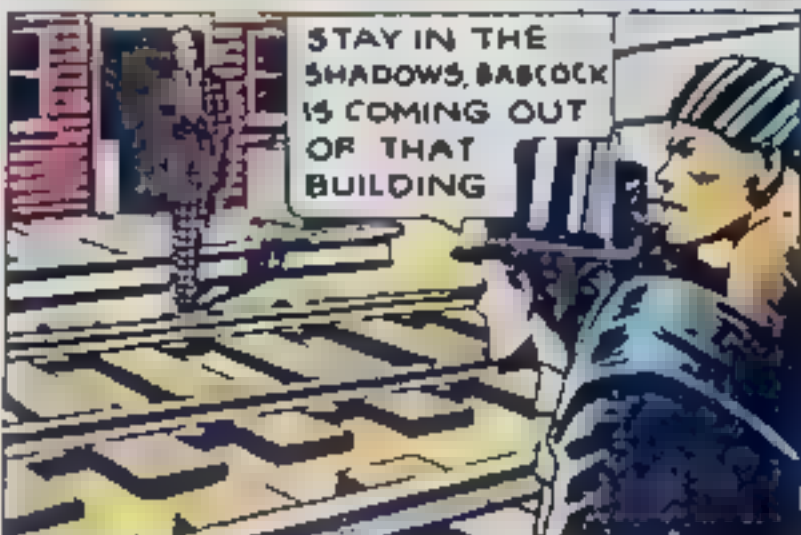
PHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

ZATARA GESTURES AND TONG SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE HIM!

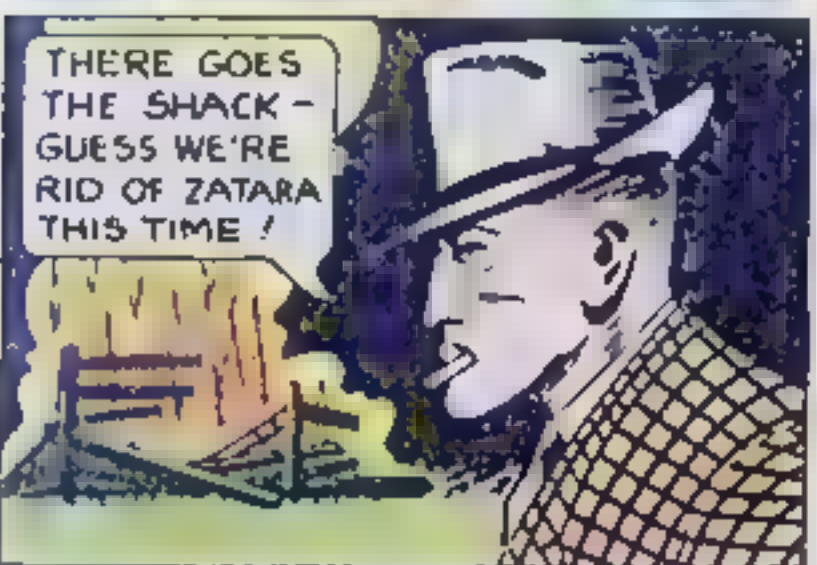


EMOC OT
EM, GNOT

YES,
MASTER



STAY IN THE
SHADOWS, BABCOCK
IS COMING OUT
OF THAT
BUILDING



THERE GOES
THE SHACK -
GUESS WE'RE
RID OF ZATARA
THIS TIME!

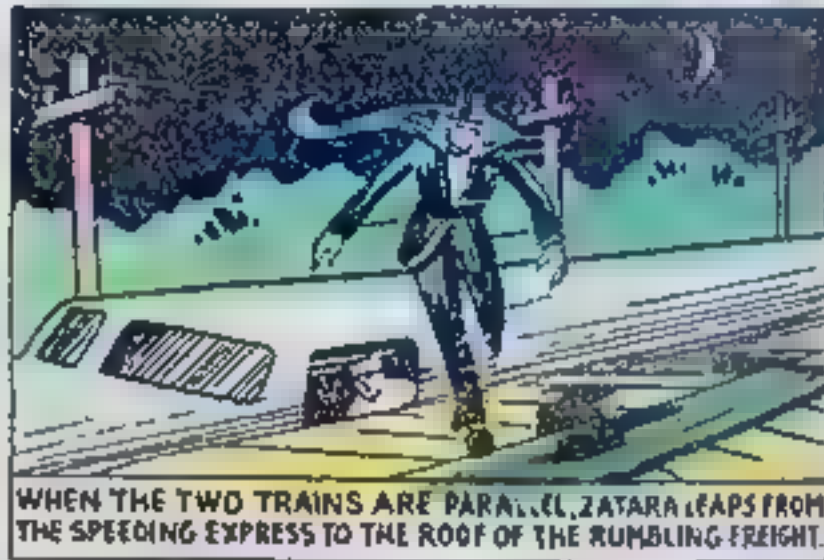
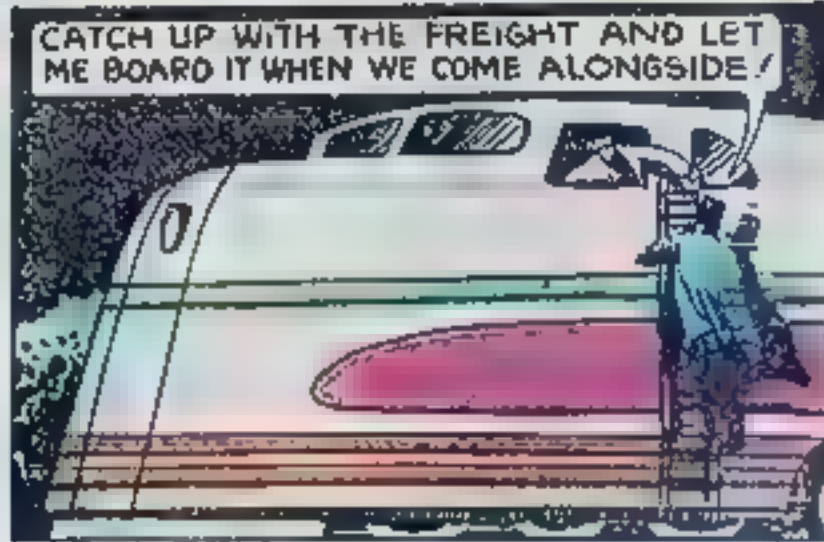


WHAT
THE....!

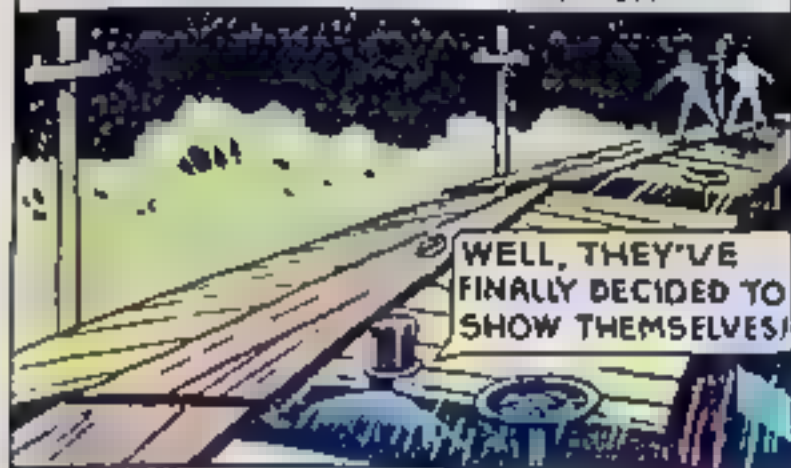
A FEW PASSES OF THE MAGICIAN'S HANDS AND THE TRAIN INSPECTOR BECOMES HYPNOTIZED!



RUDY DNIM LLIW
WON OD SA I
DIB !!



ZATARA SPIES TWO OF THE HENCHMEN
AND HIDES AS THEY APPROACH -



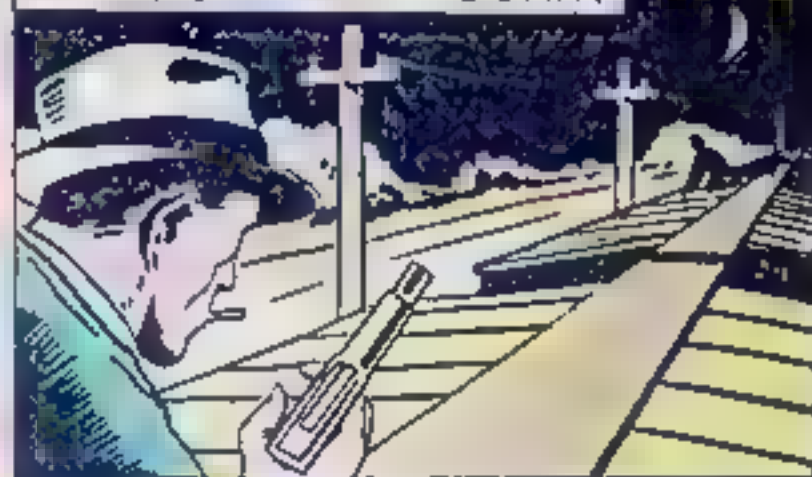
LOOK, SPIKE, HERE'S ONE OF THE
CARS THE BOSS MARKED!



THE CROOKS CLIMB INTO THE CAR AND
PROCEED TO TOSS OUT THE CRATES AND BOXES.



A THUG SEES THE MAGICIAN!



MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING
FOR THIS, WISE GUY!



YOUR AIM IS
VERY POOR,
MY FRIEND!



A TRUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIN PICKING UP THE BOXES THROWN OUT

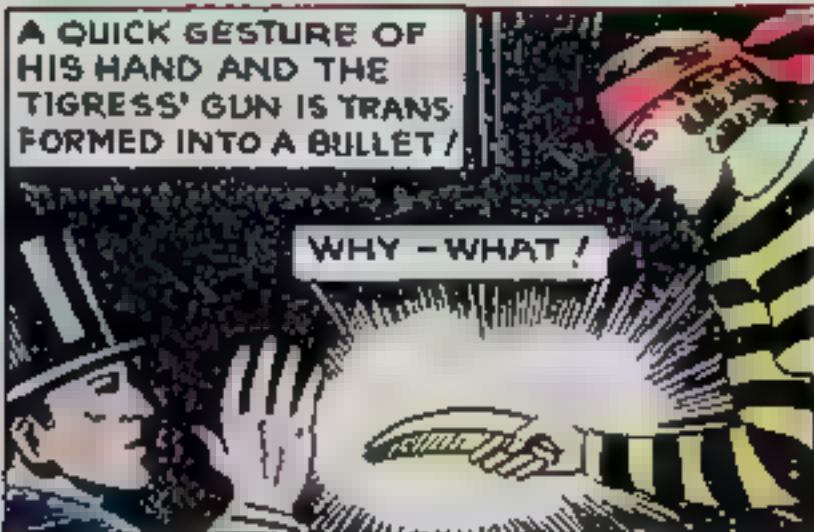


ZATARA CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMPRISON THE ROBBERS IN THE BOXCAR



HEY / WHAT THE - ?

A QUICK GESTURE OF HIS HAND AND THE TIGRESS' GUN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BULLET /



WHY - WHAT !

YOUR MAGIC MAY HAVE SAVED YOU FROM THE FIRE BUT I DOUBT IF IT CAN STOP A BULLET /



THE TIGRESS, EVER ALERT, AGAIN STEALS UPON THE MAGICIAN -

ENRAGED BECAUSE SHE IS OUTWITTED, SHE LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND VANISHES /



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, ZATARA !

A SPECIAL TRAIN OF POLICE PULLS UP AS THE FREIGHT SLOWS DOWN -



OKAY, MISTER / YOUR NEXT TRAIN RIDE WILL BE TO THE PENITENTIARY /

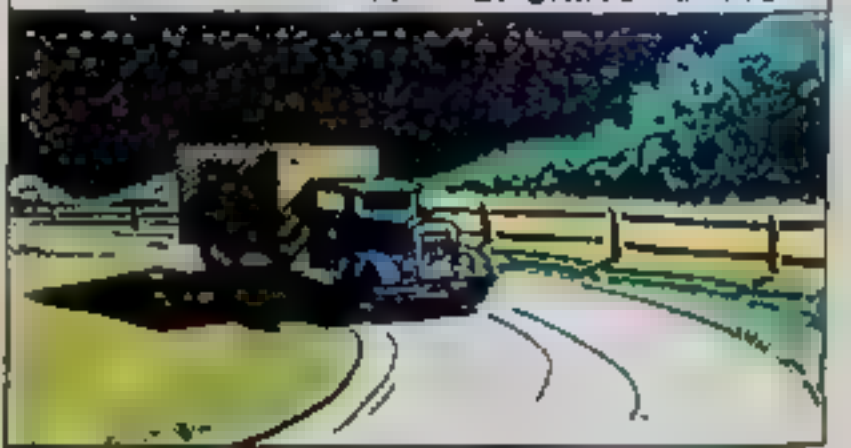


THANKS, ZATARA, FOR HELPING US CATCH THE ROBBERS, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CROOKS IN THE TRUCK ?

THEY'RE COMING NOW - LET'S AMBUSH THEM !



THE STILL NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE RUMBLE OF THE APPROACHING VEHICLE



THE POLICE SPRING FROM THE SIDES OF THE ROAD AND FORCE THE REMAINING ROBBERS INTO SUBMISSION

RAISE THEM
HIGH, FELLOW



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN KENNEDY; BABCOCK
THE CROOKED TRAIN INSPECTOR USED TO
LEAVE A CAR OPEN FOR THE THIEVES AND
THEN LATER THEY ENTERED THE CAR
MARKED WITH ⊗ THEY THREW OUT
THE FREIGHT AND IT WAS PICKED UP
BY THE MEN IN THE TRUCK /



WHILE THEY WERE HOLDING ME IN THE
SHACK I HAD TONG SUBSTITUTE THOSE
BOXES FOR THE VALUABLE CARGO
WHICH IS STILL SAFE AND SOUND ON
THE FREIGHT TRAIN —



SO BABCOCK
TIPPED THEM
OFF ?

CORRECT / AND TONG HAS
HIM NOW AT THE POLICE
STATION BACK INTOWN /



BACK IN THE STATION HOUSE BABCOCK
CONFESSES BRADY'S INNOCENCE —

NO, BRADY WASN'T IN
WITH US- THEY BUMPED
HIM OFF THAT NIGHT WE
WENT THROUGH THE
TUNNEL / ONE OF THE
BOYS PUT ON HIS HAT
AND COAT AND MOTIONED
YOU TO COME AHEAD



CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA, YOU
CERTAINLY AIDED THE CAUSE OF
JUSTICE TOO BAD "THE TIGRESS"
IS STILL AT LARGE

THANK
YOU,
CAPTAIN.



WELL, THAT CLOSES THIS CASE
NOW TO WATCH WHERE "THE
TIGRESS" STRIKES NEXT /



THIS HUMBLE PERSON SEEKS
A BIT OF SLEEP BEFORE
THE NEXT "TIGRESS" HUNT /

SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By
Captain Frank Thomas



FOR an instant, the sky to the west was spashed with all the vivid colors of nature's paint box. Brilliant ribbons of red and blue shot into the void, blending and melting with the softer greens and golden shades of the clouds that drifted by. A kaleidoscope of many tones reflected itself in the mirror surface of the sea.

The inspiring vision lasted but a moment and then the molten ball of sun sank beyond the horizon. Light grew dim and finally disappeared and from the east to the west night spread its blanket over the tropic water and islands.

Bret Coleman, sitting on the rail of his small schooner, struck a match and applied it to his briar. Hungrily his blue eyes devoured the luminous display that had, a minute before, flashed across the heavens like liquid fire.

"And each night it seems to become more beautiful!" he whispered. Then arousing himself he walked aft to the cabin and shouted down to his mate, cook, cabin boy and all around assistant, Cottonball.

"Shake a leg there, fellow and let's get the anchor on board."

"Ah's comin', Cap'n Bret," and a few seconds later Cottonball's glistening, black face appeared above the door of the hatch.

Together they hoisted the anchor chain and made it fast to the fore-deck. They raised the sail and the huge canvas, flapping like a white albatross, caught the warm breeze and swelled into a large crescent.

Coleman swung the wheel and slowly the *Aruba* turned, pointing her bow westward. The sea washed softly against her side and the dark shore of the island and the night slipped by, mysteriously and magic-like.

"We made out pretty well this time, Cottonball," said Coleman.

"Yas ah, Cap'n, we sho' did!" grinned Cottonball, his teeth flashing white in the gloom. "De boat am filled right to de brim wid copra and fo' good measure we has five hundred pounds of pearl shell. Dis am one of de best trips we has ever made, Cap'n!"

COLEMAN laughed and puffed on his pipe. It had been an excellent trip and three weeks from now, if everything went smoothly, they'd be in Singapore. The market would bring a good price for the cargo and then, with a well filled purse, they'd sail securely southward through the islands to Sydney.

Cottonball shuffled forward to hang the port and starboard lights. Coleman switched on a light to make a compass reading, his blue-grey eyes carefully studying the sensitive cord. His face was thin and strong and ten years



beneath the tropic sun had dyed his complexion the color of teak wood.

Up in the bowhead Cottonball squatted and hummed a native song of the islands. Back of them to the east, the silver crescent of the moon rose against the diamond-studded backdrop of the velvet heavens. The peacefulness of the new night pleased him greatly and Coleman settled back on the leather seats.

Up forward Cottonball had suddenly ceased his song and at once Coleman knew the reason. In the distance, off their starboard, he heard the splashing of water. And then through the stillness, came the cry of a man—frantic and desperate!

Coleman leaped to his feet and shouted to Cottonball. The negro disappeared into the cabin and a few seconds later was back on deck with a powerful searchlight in his hands. He pressed the switch and the beam of light stabbed the darkness like a huge taper.

The bronze-faced captain swung the wheel and the *Aruba* veered off in the direction from which the sound emanated. The splashing grew louder and presently Cottonball's probing light settled on the figure of a man swimming fiercely toward the boat.

He came alongside and Coleman, reaching over, heaved him on deck, dripping and panting. He was a white man, middle-aged and gray. An ugly open cut was slashed across his forehead and temple and Coleman lost no time in cleaning and dressing the wound.

For a moment he sat up, the deck breathing heavily, eyes closed. Then he opened them and looked up at the lean figure of Coleman standing above him.

"Thank God I reached you!" he gasped and the captain caught him as he fainted.

"We'd better anchor here for the night," Coleman said to his negro assistant. And lifting the unconscious man, he carried him down into the cabin and laid him on the couch.

HALF an hour later he awoke and smiled wanly when he realized that he had fainted. Coleman offered him a warm stimulating drink which he held in his hand and sipped as he related the horrible incidents of the uprising of the island natives.

What really caused it I can't imagine, the man said. But the suddenness was mad and overran the whole island, killing and plundering as they went. The unexpectedness and brutality of it was indescribable—shocking!"

The stranger's strength returned and he introduced himself to Coleman. He was Samuel Newton and had spent the last twenty years of his life in the islands as a missionary and trader. Three years ago his daughter, Merna, and a housekeeper had come to live with him.

"Were they with you when the natives went berserk?" asked Coleman.

Newton passed a hand over his eyes. "Yes, they were," the housekeeper was killed and the

natives carried Merna back into the interior. They evidently left me for dead for when I became conscious they had gone and my house was a smouldering ruin!"

He told of hiding in the heavy underbrush till nightfall and then stumbling along the beach, he espied the approaching lights of the *Aruba*.

"But I must get her," he cried. "I must go back and free my daughter before they kill her, too!"

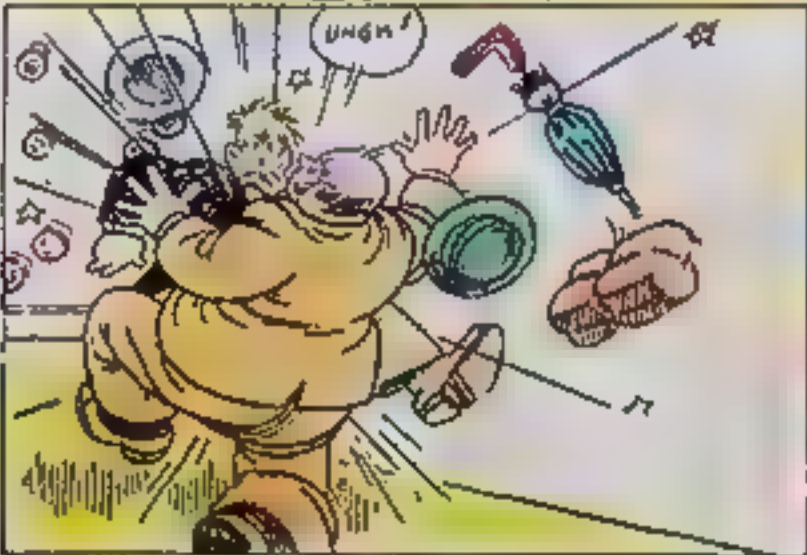
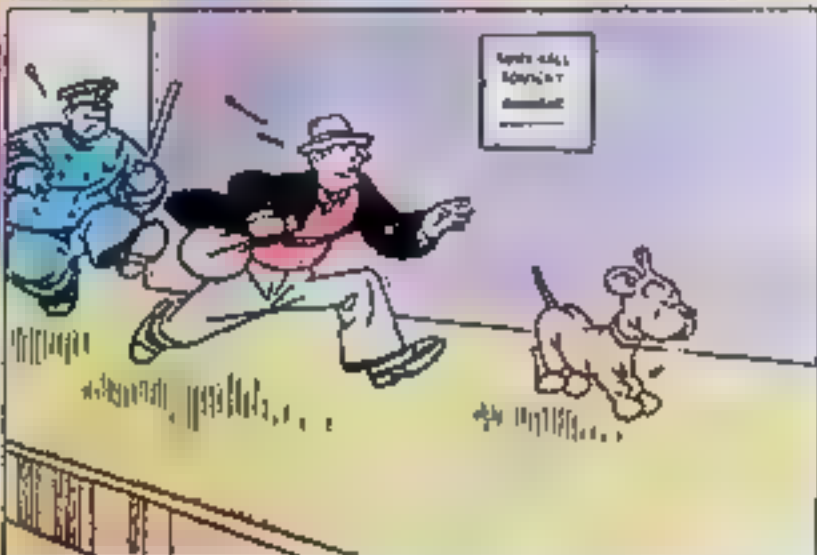
Coleman placed his arm around the older man's shoulders. "We'll do our very best to get her back, Mr. Newton. Cottonball and I know these natives exceedingly well and perhaps we can give them a surprise they haven't been expecting!"

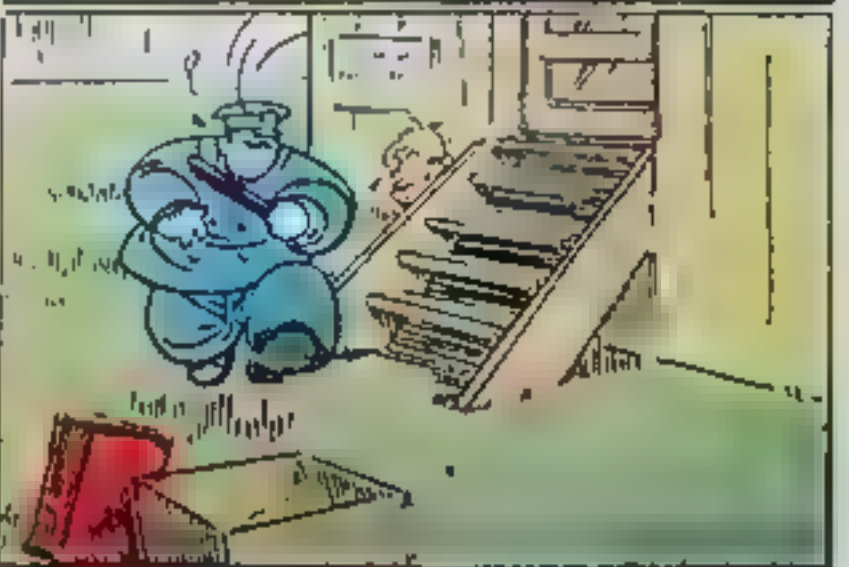
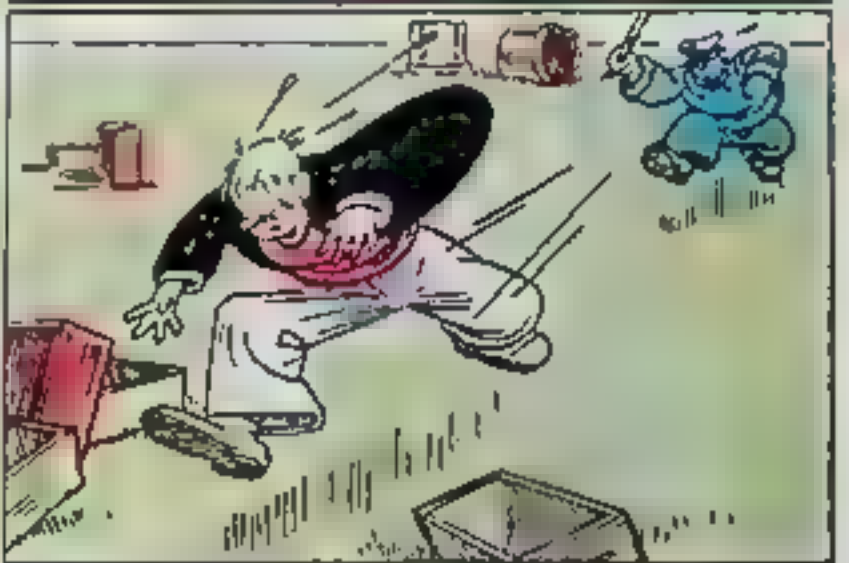
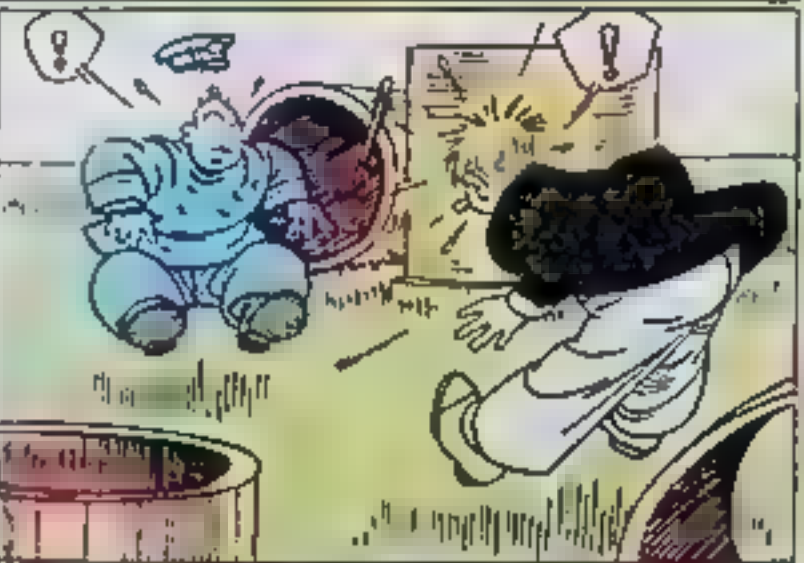
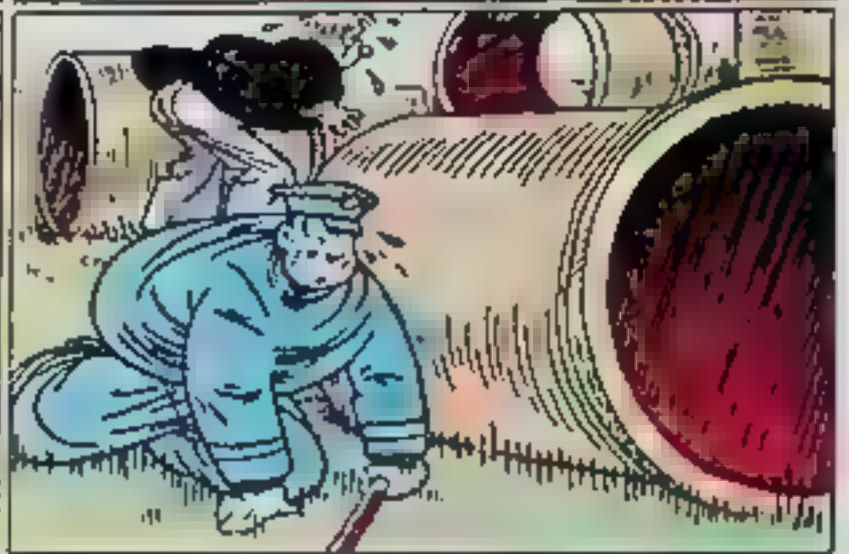
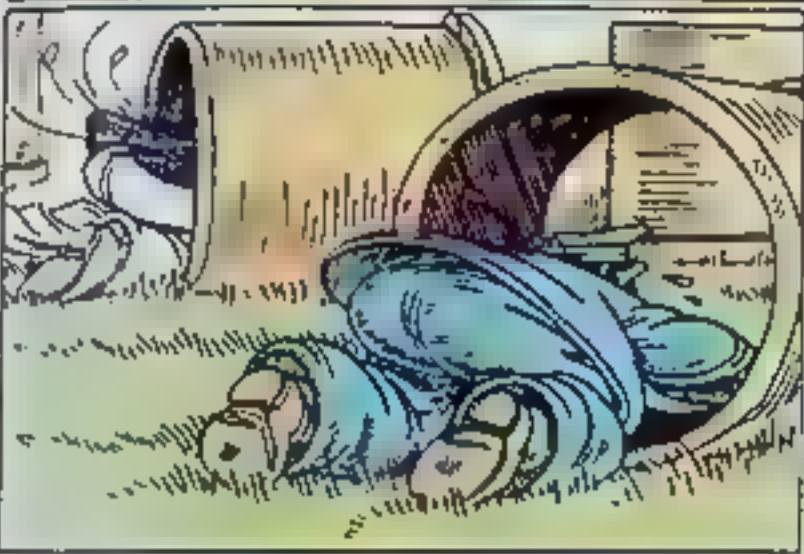
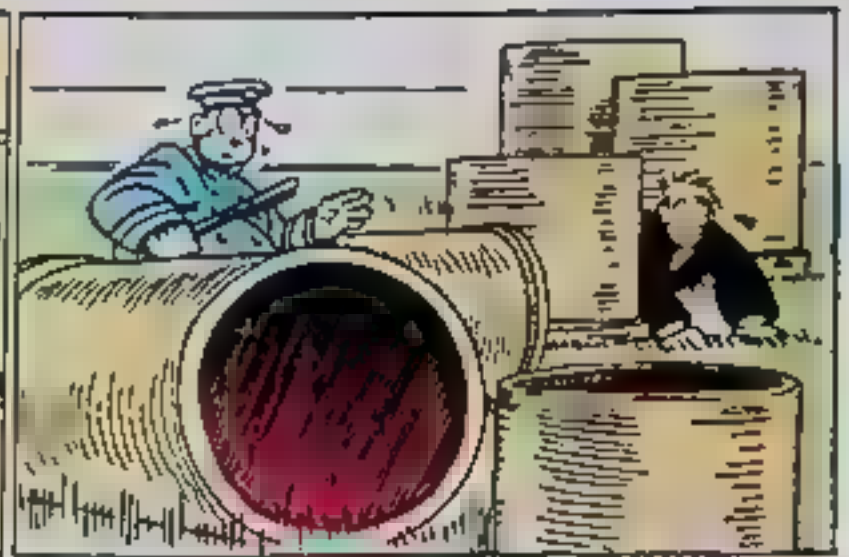
(TO BE CONCLUDED
NEXT MONTH)

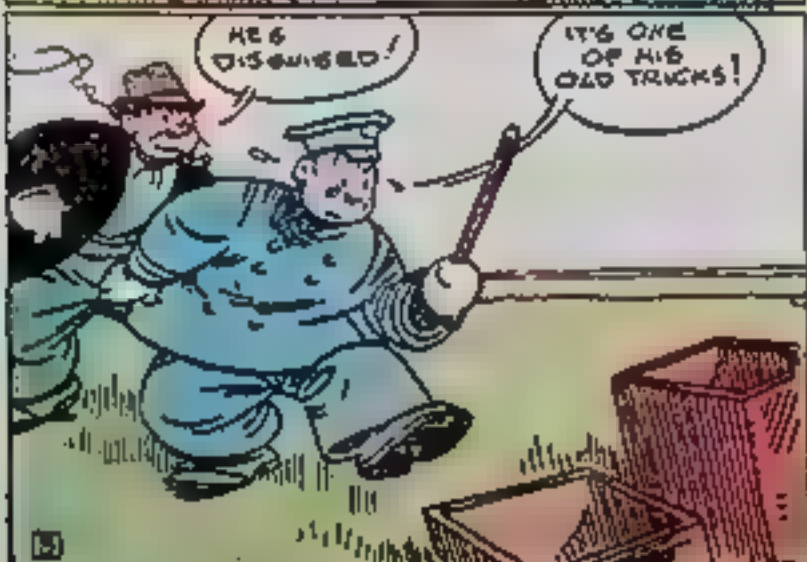
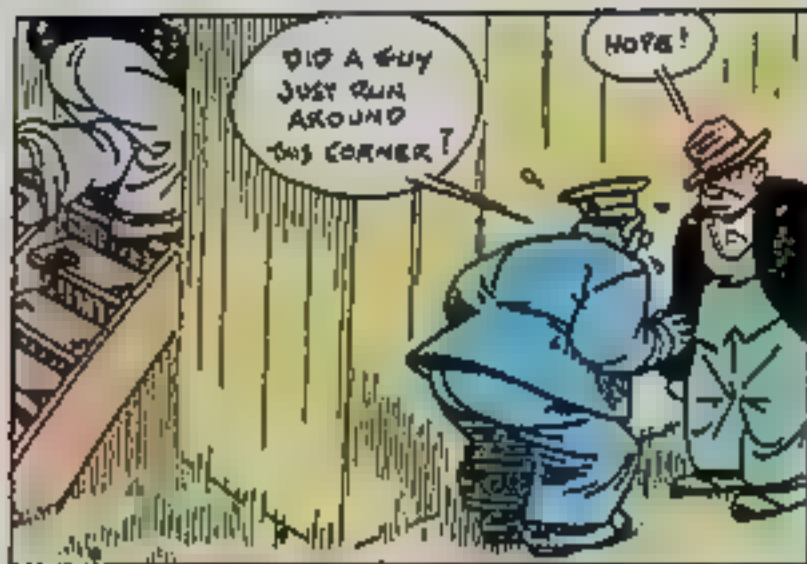
(Will Bret Coleman manage to save Merna Newton from the blood-thirsty South Sea island natives? Read the exciting climax of this story in the July issue.)

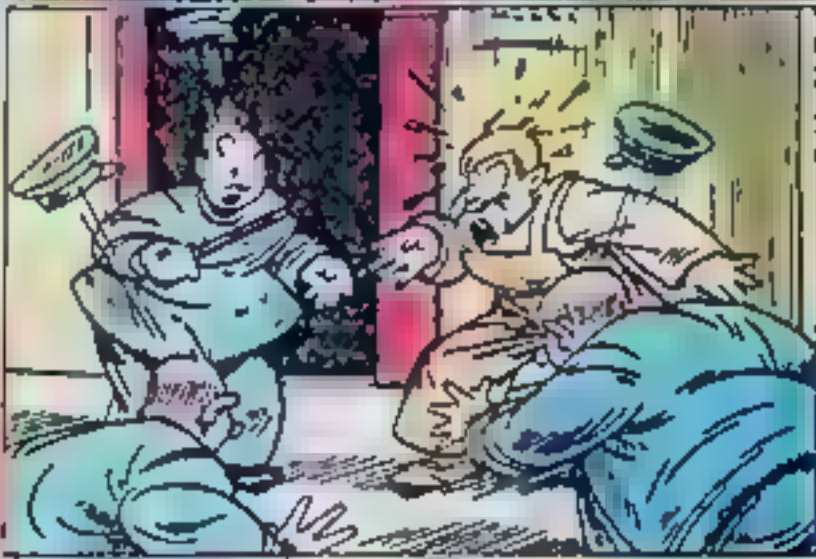
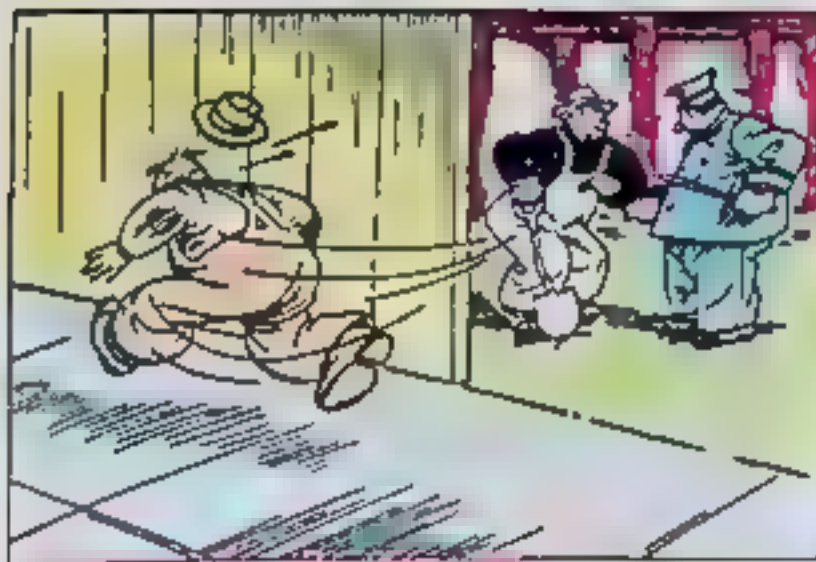


STICKY-MITT STIMSON BY ALGER









The ADVENTURES of **MARCO POLO**

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN



IT'S THE YEAR 1271
MARCO POLO, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN,
TOGETHER WITH HIS FATHER AND UNCLE,
TWO WEALTHY AND IMPORTANT MEN OF
VENICE, SET OUT ON A JOURNEY TO THE
ORIENT.

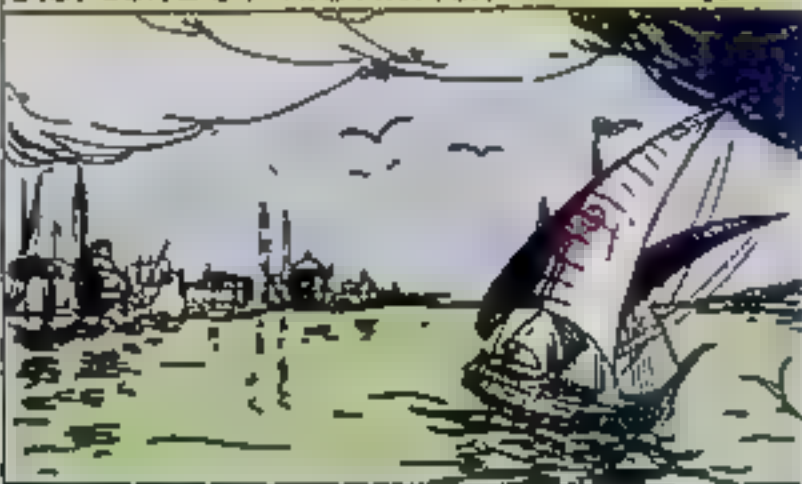
AS THEY REACH THE ARMENIAN COAST
THEY ARE MET BY THE KING'S EMISSARY.

OUR KING HAS JUST RECEIVED
WORD FROM THE NEWLY ELECT
ED POPE REQUESTING YOUR IM-
MEDIATE APPEARANCE AT HIS
RESIDENCE AT ACRE.



WE SHALL
TURN BACK
AT ONCE.

AN ARMED GALLEY IS PLACED AT THEIR
DISPOSAL BY THE ARMENIAN RULER.



DOLKING AT THE CITY OF ACRE THEY GO
DIRECTLY TO THE POPE'S PALACE.



WHERE THEY RECEIVE IMMEDIATE AUDI-
ENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS AND GIVEN
THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

--MY BLESSINGS UPON YOU--
THIS IS YOUR MISSION; THE KHAN OF TAR-
TARY REQUESTS ME TO SEND PRIESTS AND
MEN OF LEARNING TO HIS GREAT DOMAIN
TO IMPART THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR COUN-
TRY TO HIS PEOPLE.

I HAVE BUT TWO PRIESTS AVAILABLE TO
SEND WHO, WITH LETTERS AND GIFTS I EN-
TRUST TO YOUR CARE TO SAFELY CONVEY
TO THAT VAST EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

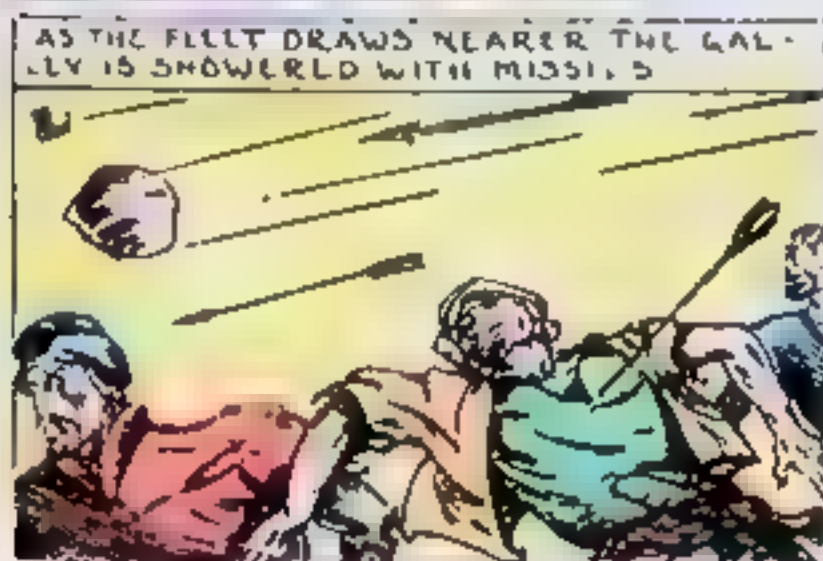
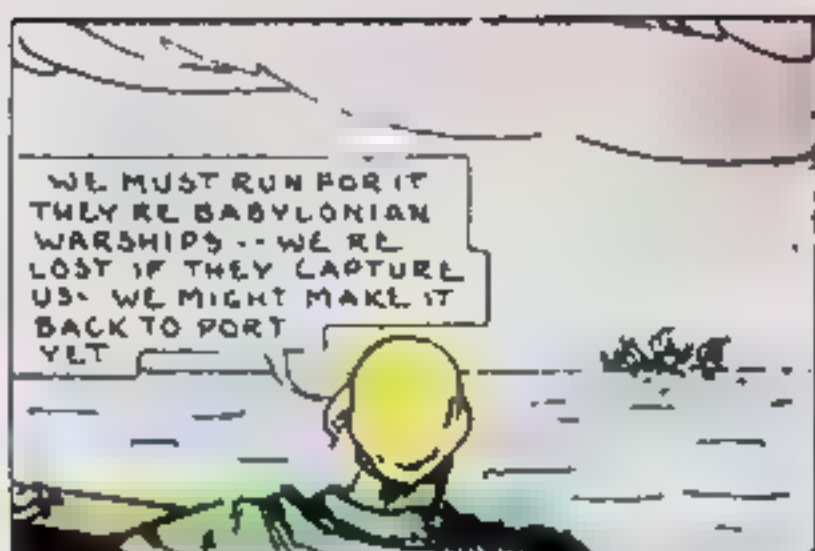
SO AGAIN THEY SET OUT FOR DISTANT
LANDS.



I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN,
THAT YOUR KING IS AT
WAR WITH THE RULER
OF BABYLONIA.

YES 'TIS SO.
THE SOLDAN HAS
LAID WASTE MUCH
OF OUR BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY.





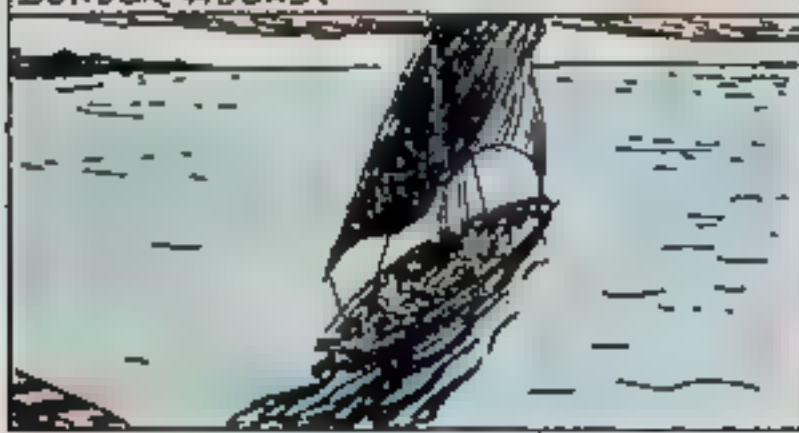
HEEDLESS OF PERILS AND DIFFICULTIES THE THREE TRAVELERS PUSH ON.



AFTER MONTHS OF HARDSHIPS THEY LEAVE MOUNT ARARAT AND HEAD FOR THE PLAINS.



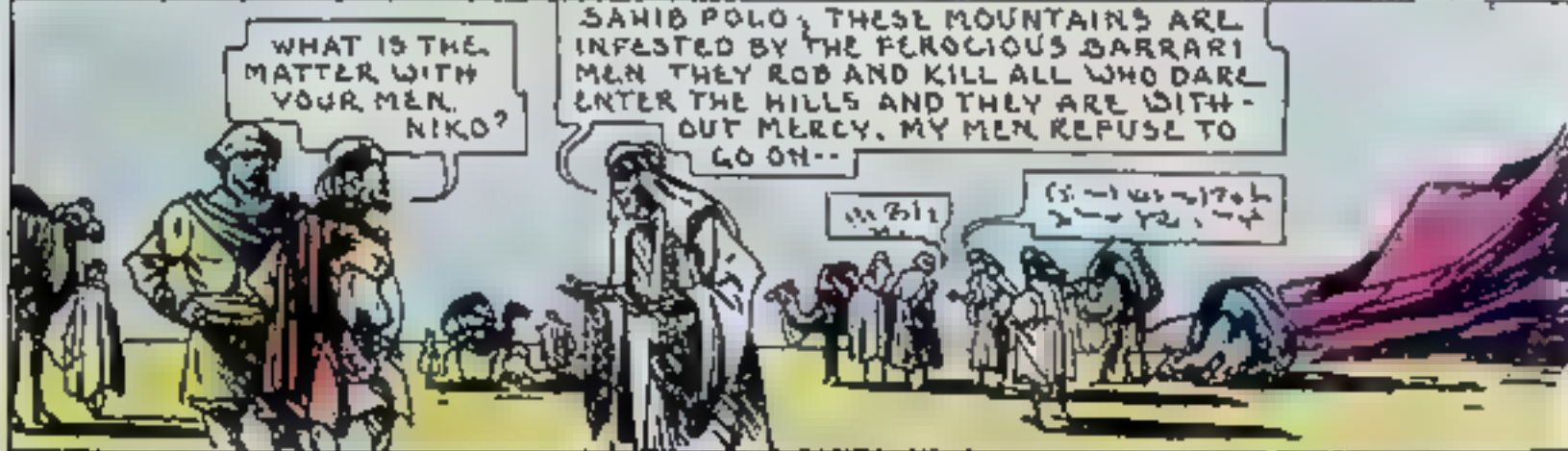
THEY FINALLY REACH THE PORT OF DORA ON THE PERSIAN GULF AND AFTER A FEW DAYS REST BOARD A SMALL BOAT FOR BUNDER-ABBAS.



AFTER MUCH BICKERING THEY SUCCEED IN CHARTERING A SMALL CARAVAN FOR THE INTERIOR.



APPROACHING THE FOOTHILLS OF THE DANGEROUS KARGHAR PASS IN THE WILD RHAS MOUNTAINS THE KULIES REFUSE TO GO ON.



BUT WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW NIKU. WE'RE IN FOR IT EITHER WAY.

A HANDFUL OF SILVER FOR EVERY MAN WHO STAYS WITH US. DO YOU KNOW THE LAY OF THIS LAND NIKU?



MANY YEARS AGO WE FIGHT THESE PEOPLE I LEARN ALL ABOUT THESE HILLS THEN. I SHALL TRY MAKE MY MEN STAY, SAHIB.



NIKU SUCCEEDS IN MAKING HIS MEN REMAIN WITH THE EXPEDITION.



FROM NIKU'S DESCRIPTION, THE FOUR MEN CAREFULLY PLOT THEIR NEXT MOVES.

WE MUST DIVIDE OUR PARTY
YOU MARCO, WITH NIKU
AND HALF OUR MEN MUST
GAIN THE ROCKS ABOVE
THE GORGE
WITHOUT
BEING SEEN
OR ALL WILL
BE
LOST

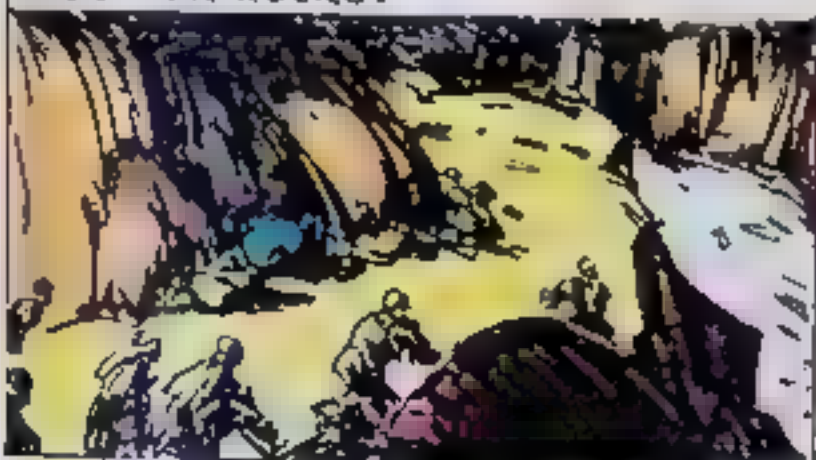
AND THE REST
OF US SHALL
PROCEED OPENLY
FOR THE PASS,
AND MAY PRO-
VIDENCE WATCH
OVER US



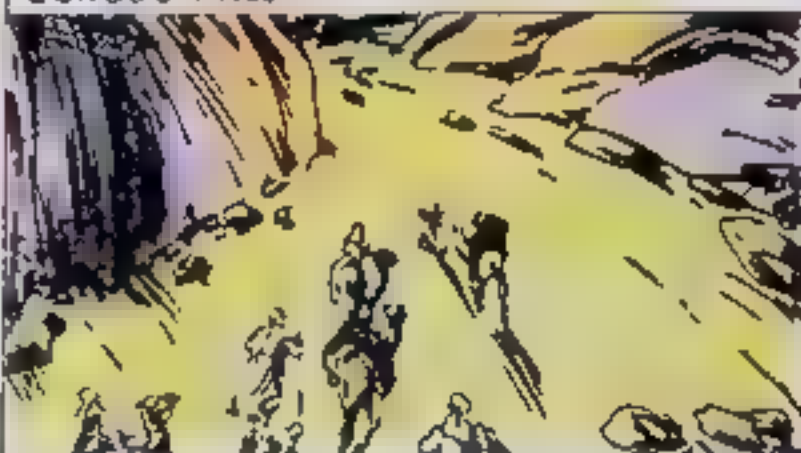
MY MEN WILL FIGHT
IF THEY HAVE TO,
SAHIB



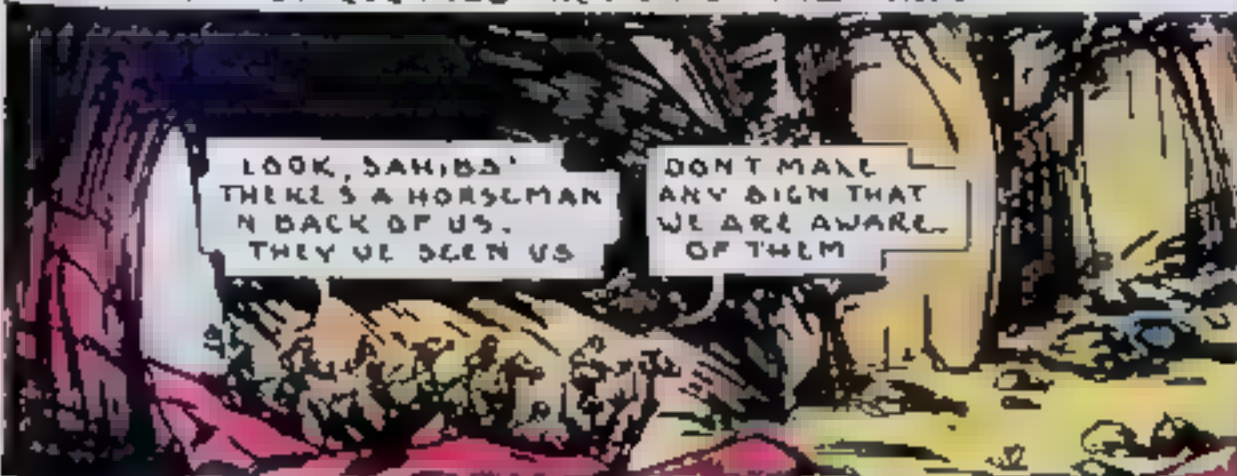
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT MARCO, NIKU AND
THEIR MEN CREEP CAUTIOUSLY AHEAD FOR
THE UPPER ROCKS.



WHILE AT DAYBREAK THE ELDER MEN,
WITH THE YOUNG MEN, START FOR THE DAN-
GEROUS PASS



THE LITTLE PARTY COMES TO A STEEP NARROW PASS SCARCELY WIDE ENOUGH TO GO
THROUGH. IN SINGLE FILE THEY ENTER THE TRAP.



LOOK, SAHIBS!
THERE'S A HORSEMAN
N BACK OF US.
THEY'VE SEEN US

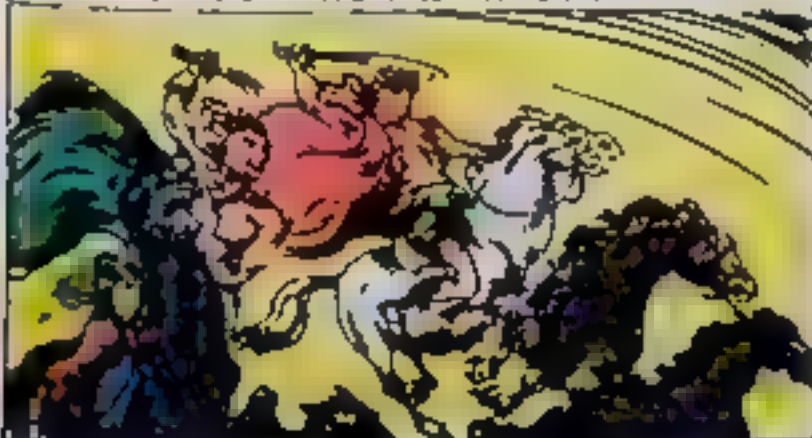
DON'T MAKE
ANY SIGN THAT
WE ARE AWARE
OF THEM



THE PASS

POLO'S
PARTY

AS THEY APPROACH THE OTHER END OF
THE BOUL A BAND OF HOWLING SAVAGES
POUR DOWN ON THEM WITH RAISED SWORDS.



BUT- UP ABOVE YOUNG MARCO AND HIS
MEN WITH A SPLIT SECOND TO GO SWING
INTO ACTION.
THEY LOOSE A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF BOUL-
DERS ONTO THE BANDITS BELOW.



CONTINUED

PEP MORGAN

by FRED GUARDINER



PEP MORGAN, VERSATILE YOUNG ATHLETE IS FIGHTING SAILOR SORENSON FOR THE COVETED LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. POP BURKETT, PEP'S TRAINER AND PAL IS IN THE FIGHTER'S CORNER. SAILOR IS MANAGED BY THE UN-SCRUPULOUS DOC LOWRY.



BOY / THOSE STIFF SMACKS TO THE JAW OUGHT TO GIVE PEP THIS ROUND /



THE BELL SAVES SAILOR SORENSON FROM BEING KNOCKED OUT /

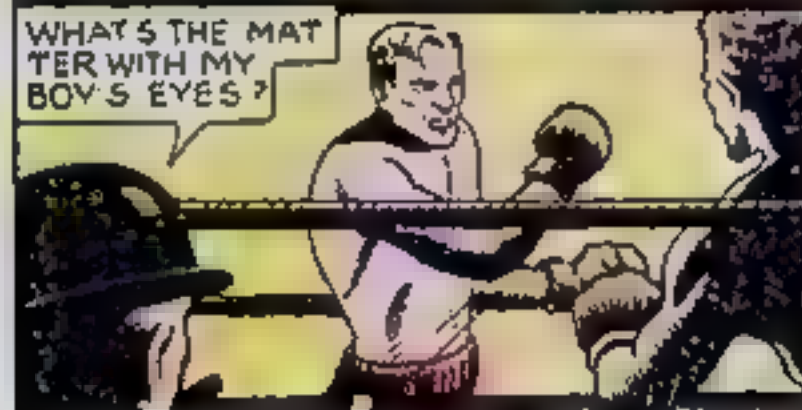
COME ON, SAILOR, KEEP YOUR GLOVES IN HIS FACE AND DON'T STOP SLOGGING /

MORGAN'S GONE FAR ENOUGH /



IN THE NEXT ROUND PEP APPEARS TO BE BLINDED AND WILDLY THROWS PUNCHES IN DESPERATION...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY BOY'S EYES?



HOWEVER ONE OF HIS MAD BLOWS FINDS FLESH AND BONE SAILOR IS KNOCKED OUT FOR THE COUNT /

THE WINNER - AND NEW CHAMPION!

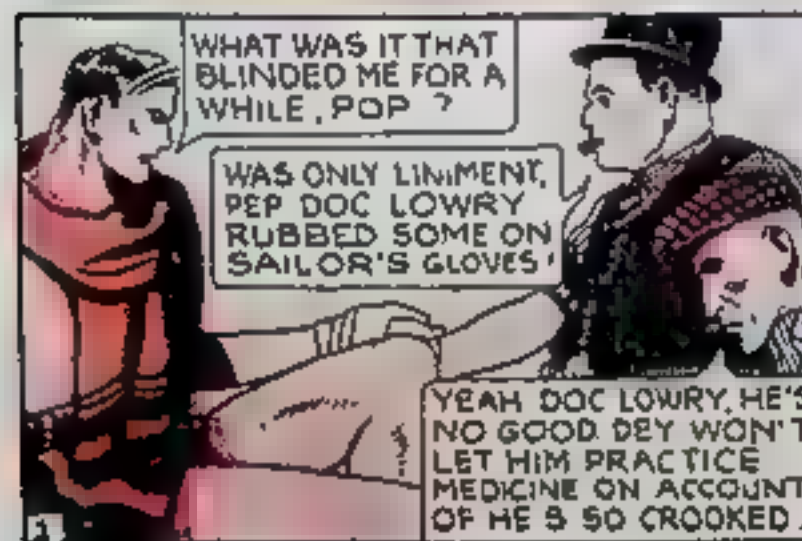
HE'S BLINDED YOU, PEP, BUT YOU WON. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON AS WE WASH YOUR EYES.



WHAT WAS IT THAT BLINDED ME FOR A WHILE, POP?

WAS ONLY LINIMENT, PEP. DOC LOWRY RUBBED SOME ON SAILOR'S GLOVES.

YEAH, DOC LOWRY. HE'S NO GOOD. HEY, WON'T LET HIM PRACTICE MEDICINE ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SO CROOKED!

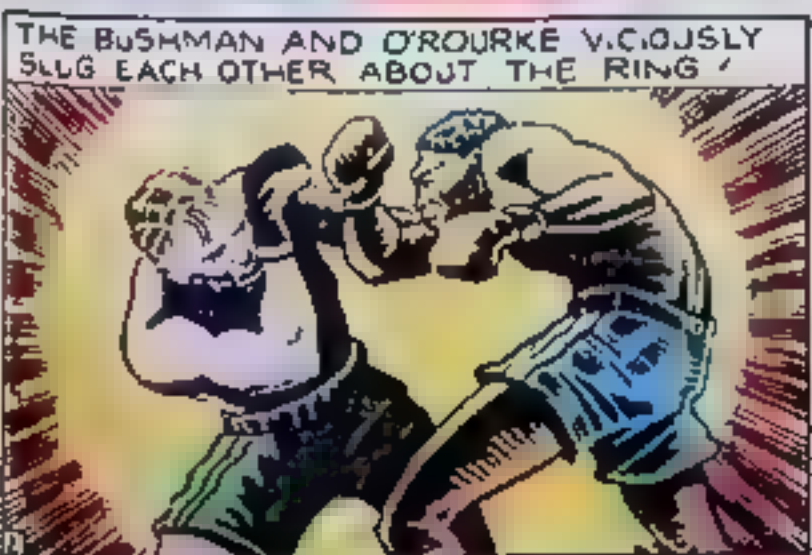
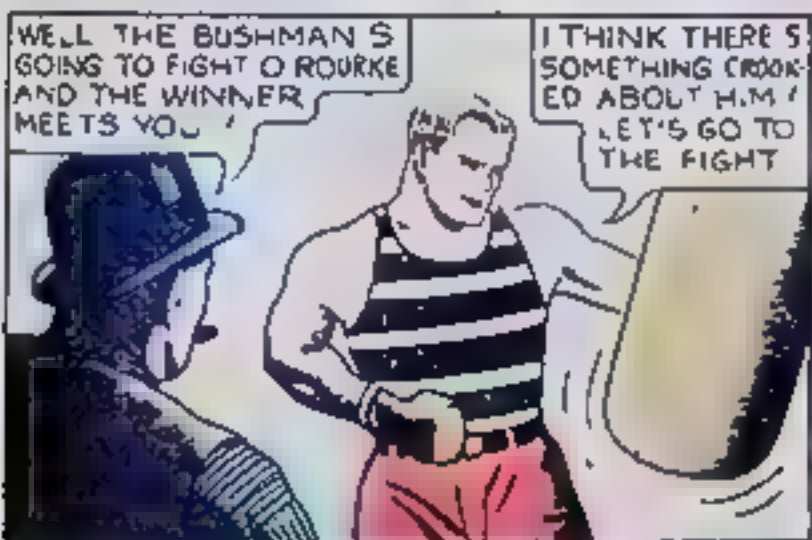
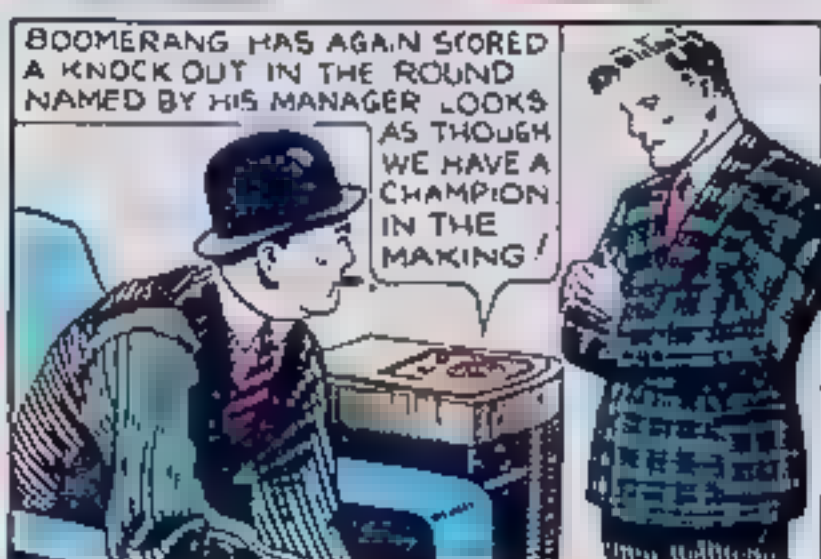
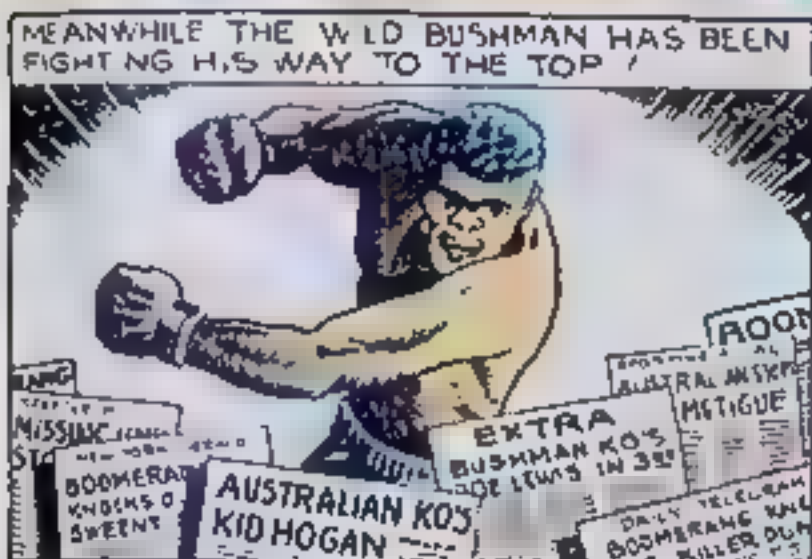
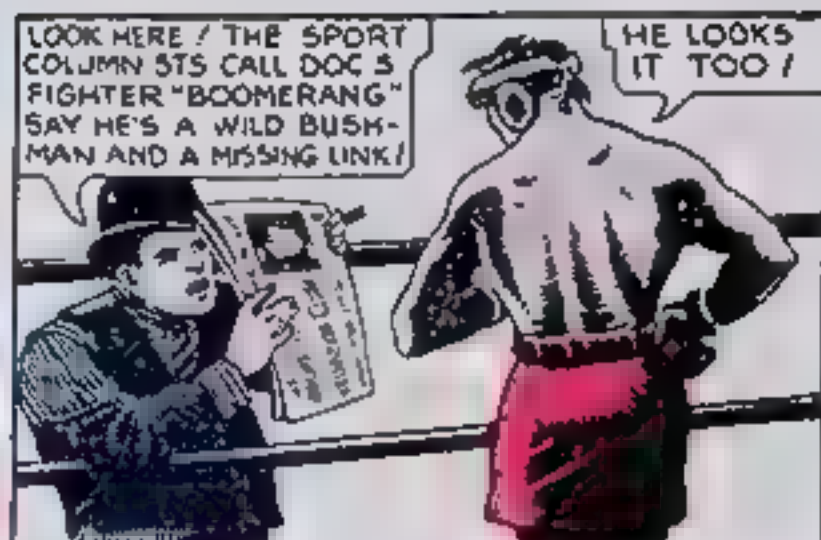
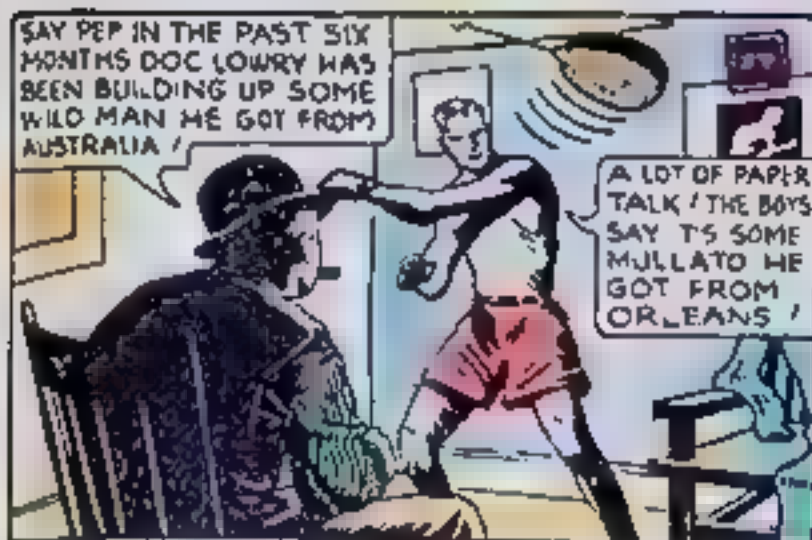


THE BOXING COMMISSION HOLDS AN INVESTIGATION BUT CAN PROVE NOTHING. DOC LOWRY CLAIMS THE SECOND HAD MIXED THE BOTTLES BY MISTAKE.

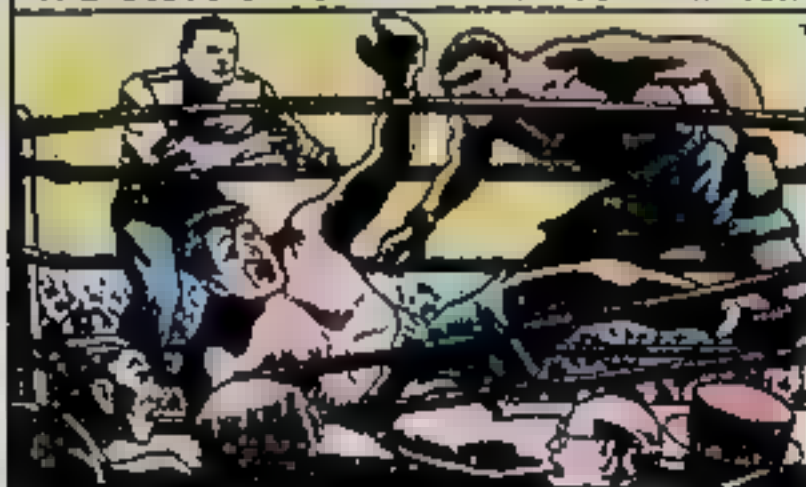
DOC, YOU BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN ANYWAY - AND DO YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS IN SOME OTHER STATE!

OKAY, BOYS, BUT YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME!

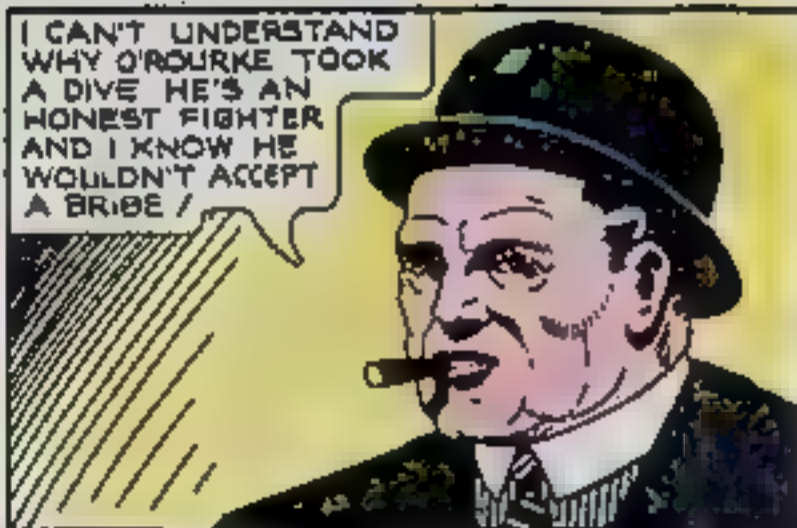




THE SLUGGISH O'ROURKE GOES DOWN AND OUT!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY O'ROURKE TOOK A DIVE HE'S AN HONEST FIGHTER AND I KNOW HE WOULDN'T ACCEPT A BRIBE!



I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES ON THIS FIGHT I WANT YOU DETECTIVES TO WATCH EVERY MOVE OF DOC LOWRY AND THE BUSHMAN THE NIGHT WE GO ON!

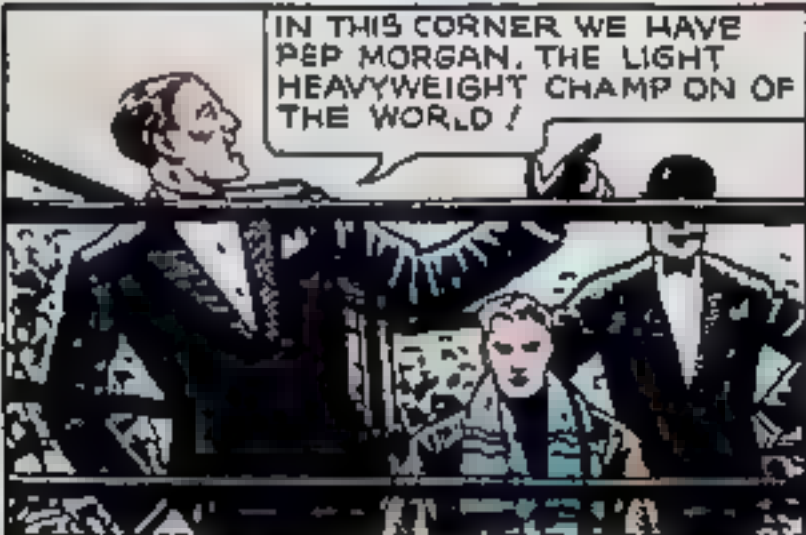


BOXING - LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
MORGAN VS BOOMERANG

BUY YOUR PROGRAMS
READ ABOUT THE
FIGHTERS!



IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE
PEP MORGAN, THE LIGHT
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP ON OF
THE WORLD!



DOC LOWRY AND THE MYSTERIOUS BUSHMAN
ENTER THE RING!

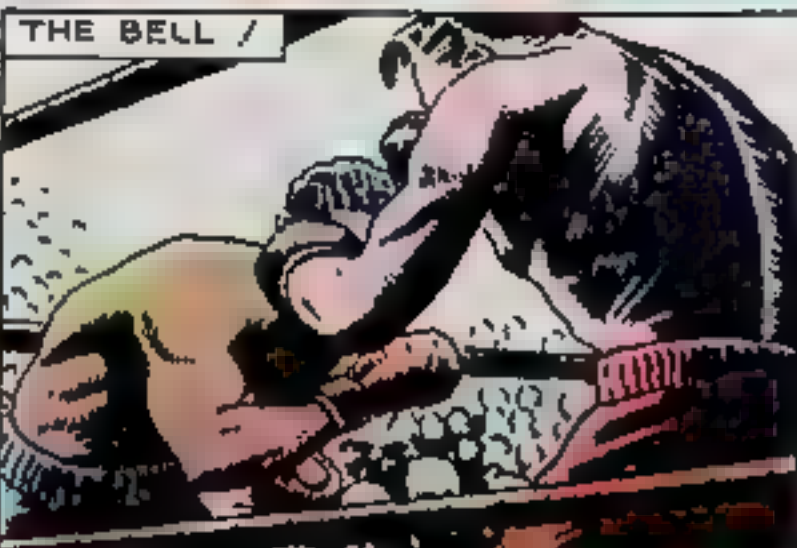


I'VE BEEN
WAITING
FOR
TONIGHT,
MORGAN!

SO HAVE I - I'LL
SLAM YOUR BUSH-
MAN BACK TO
AUSTRALIA!



THE BELL!



THE BUSHMAN TRIES TO CUT PEP'S EYE WITH THE HEEL OF HIS GLOVE /



WOW / LOOK AT PEP STAGGER THAT BUSHMAN /



BETWEEN ROUNDS /

GEE, POP / I FEEL DIZZY, MY HEAD IS REELING /



THE BELL AGAIN / AND PEP, FIGHTING DESPERATELY BY INSTINCT, SUDDENLY CATCHES THE BUSHMAN WITH A K.O. PUNCH /



AS THE BUSHMAN IS COUNTED OUT, THE DETECTIVES LEAP INTO THE RING /



NOT SO FAST, DOC /

THIS IS WHAT I TOOK OUT OF THE BUSHMAN'S GLOVE - HAD IT HIDDEN IN THE LEATHER /

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE /



SURE THE BUSHMAN WAS PRETENDING TO KNOCK OUT HIS MAN - AFTER HE HAD DOPED HIM, AND THE DOPING WAS DONE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF EYES /

S GOOD THING YOU WERE WATCHING, POP /

WELL, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DOC FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS /



FRED GLARD 11/12/33

SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely

SCOOP SCANLON, ACE REPORTER OF THE BULLETIN, ROUSES HIS SLEEPY-EYED PAL AND PHOTOGRAPHER, RUSTY JAMES, AND PLANS TO GO INTO ACTION —

COME ON, RUSTY — WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO !

HOLY SMOKE — JUST WHEN I WAS GETTIN' COMFORTABLE —

WHERE THIS TIME ?

TO THE DOCKS — I'VE A TIP FROM HEAD-QUARTERS — AN INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEF IS LANDIN' TODAY — U.S. OFFICIALS CAPTURED HIM AND BROUGHT HIM BACK —

WE'RE JUST IN TIME —

I'VE GOT TO GET A CLOSE UP OF THIS !

RUSTY FOCUSES HIS CAMERA WHEN SUDDENLY —

SCOOP, LOOK !

WHAT IS IT ?

I JUST NOTICED WHEN I WAS FOCUSING MY CAMERA — THOSE MEN OVER THERE —

SAY ! YOU'RE RIGHT — THOSE MIGHT BE MACHINE GUNS UNDER THOSE COATS —

LOOK, HERE COMES ARNOLD, THE JEWEL THIEF, WITH AN ARMED ESCORT —

THEY'LL MOW 'EM DOWN TRYIN' TO FREE HIM !

AS ARNOLD DESCENDS THE CANAL BANK HE GIVES A SLOW NOD TO ONE OF THE MEN THAT RUSTY NOTICED —



THE GUARDS LEAD HIM TO A WAITING CAR —



THE MEN WITH COATS FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE —



RUSTY, YELL FOR COPS — WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THIS UP!



AS ARNOLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR SUDDENLY HE FALLS FLAT —



LIKE A FLASH THE MEN DROP THEIR COATS, REVEALING "TOMMY GUNS" —



WITH A LEAD FROM ABOVE, SCOOP LANDS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE GUNMEN BOWLING OVER ANOTHER —



THE POLICE SENSE THE SITUATION AT ONCE —



BUT THE TWO REMAINING GUNMEN LET
LOOSE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS, AND THE
GUARDS CRUMBLE — — —



THE POLICE OPEN FIRE AND BRING DOWN
THESE TWO GUNMEN — —



ONE OF SCOOP'S VICTIMS BREAKS LOOSE —
SCOOP DUSTS THE OTHER ONE OFF WITH A
STIFF LEFT TO THE JAW —



ARNOLD AND THE OTHER CADOK MAKE FOR A
POWERFUL CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET —



RUSTY, WHO'S BEEN FILMING THE RIOT SCENE,
SPOTS THEM AND TAKES AFTER THEM —



THE POLICE RACE TO THEIR CARS TO TAKE UP
THE CHASE — —



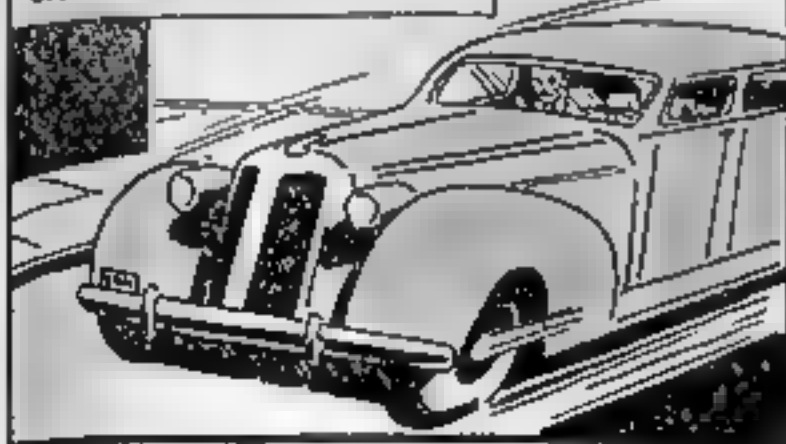
SCOOP GRABS UP A DESERTED TOMMY GUN
AND LEAPS INTO A COP-PAL'S CAR —



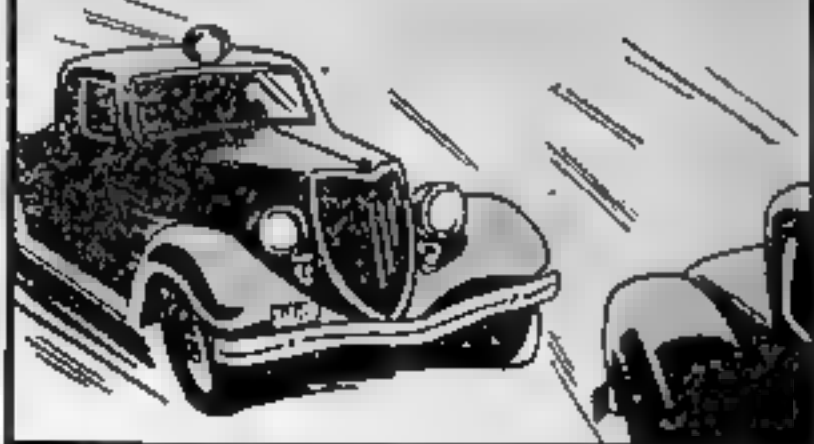
AT THAT MOMENT RUSTY MAKES THE SPARE
TIRE OF ARNOLD'S CAR AND HANGS ON FOR
DEAR LIFE — — —



THE CAR DRIFTS UP THE STREET WITH ITS UNWELCOME PASSENGER —



POLICE CARS ARE HOT ON ITS TAIL —



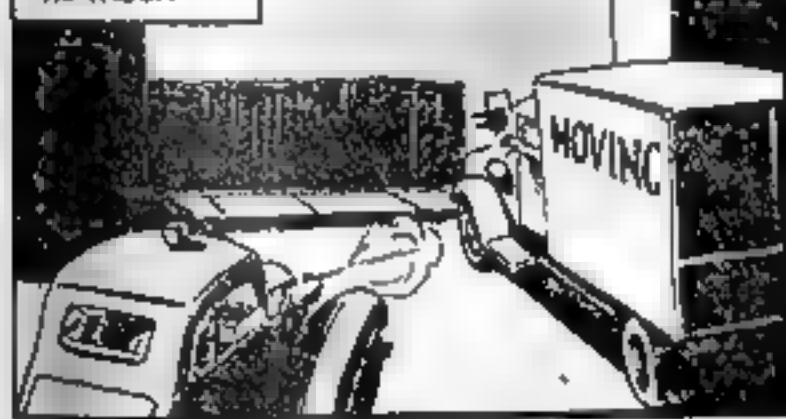
WHEN SUDDENLY FROM A SIDE STREET A TOURING CAR APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY A HUGE MOVING VAN —



THE VAN ROUNDS THE CORNER AND STOPS, BLOCKING THE POLICE CARS' PATH —



THE POLICE CARS SCREECH TO A HALT — AS THEY DO SO, GUNMEN START FIRING FROM THE TRUCK —



THE POLICE RETURN THEIR FIRE, AND IT'S TOO HOT FOR THE GUNMEN —



THEY LEAVE THE TRUCK AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING TOURING CAR —



SCOOP'S CAR PASSES THE POLICE AND THE MOVING VAN BY TAKING TO THE SIDEWALK —



THE TOURING CAR IS JUST GETTING AWAY — —



WHEN SCOOP'S CAR COMES AHEAD OF IT —



SCOOP CUTS LOOSE WITH HIS "CHOPPER" —



HE COMPLETELY DISABLES THE CAR, AND IT
SWERVES WILDLY AND HEADS FOR A TELE-
PHONE POLE —



THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE
BADLY BATTERED AND WOUNDED CROOKS —



BUT THE COP WITH SCOOP OPENS HIS CAR UP
WIDE, TRYING TO PICK UP ARNOLD'S TRAIL —



THAT LOOKS
LIKE THE CAR
AHEAD —



YEAH, AND WHAT THE --- ?



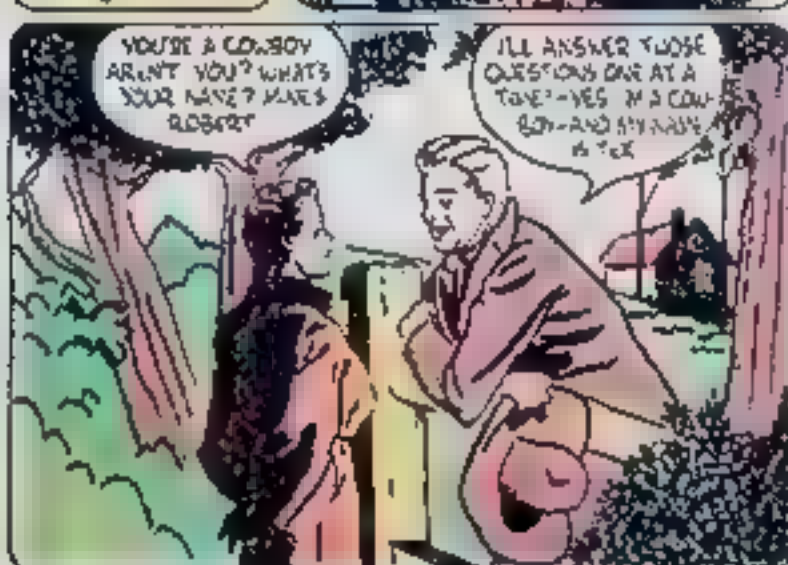


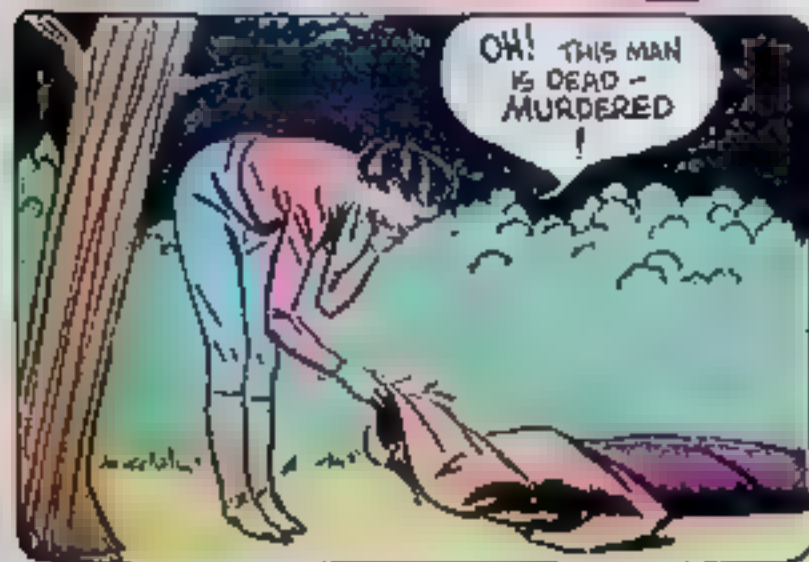
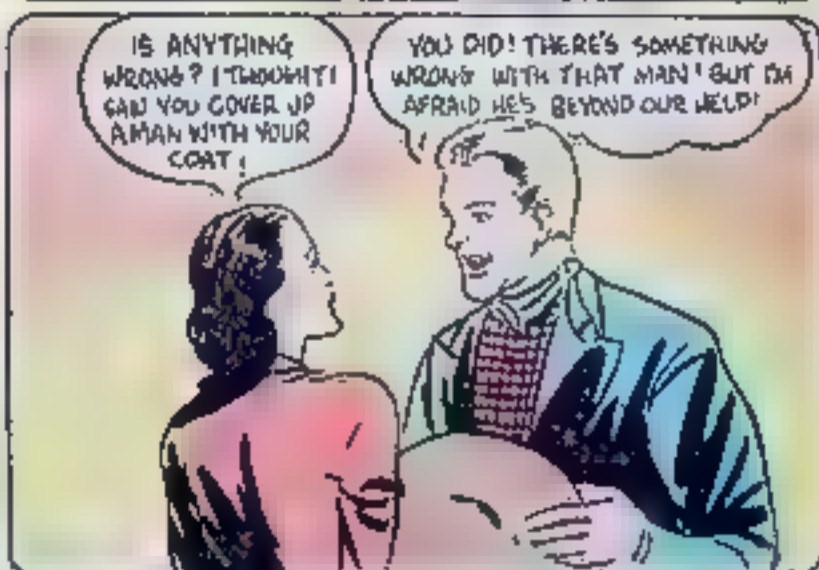
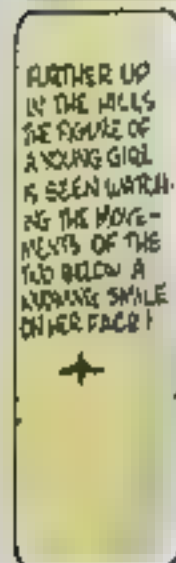
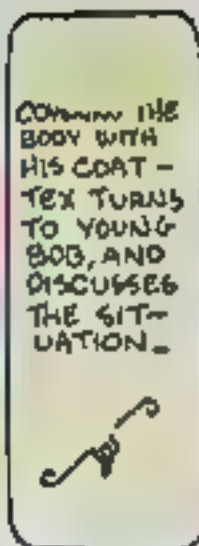


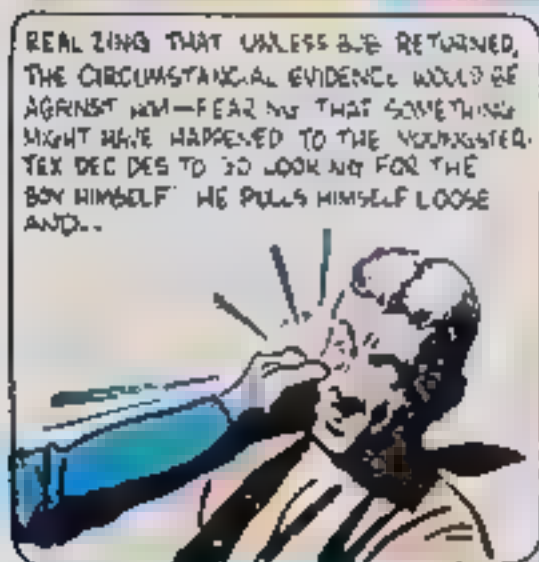
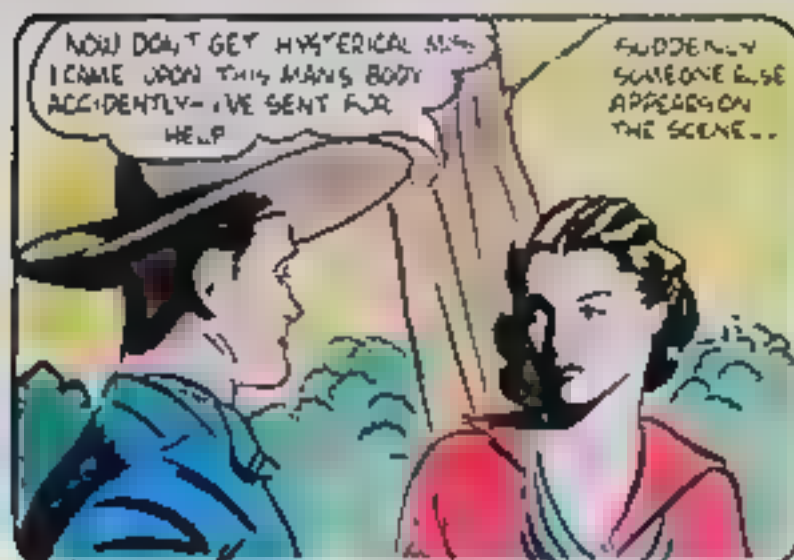
TEX THOMSON

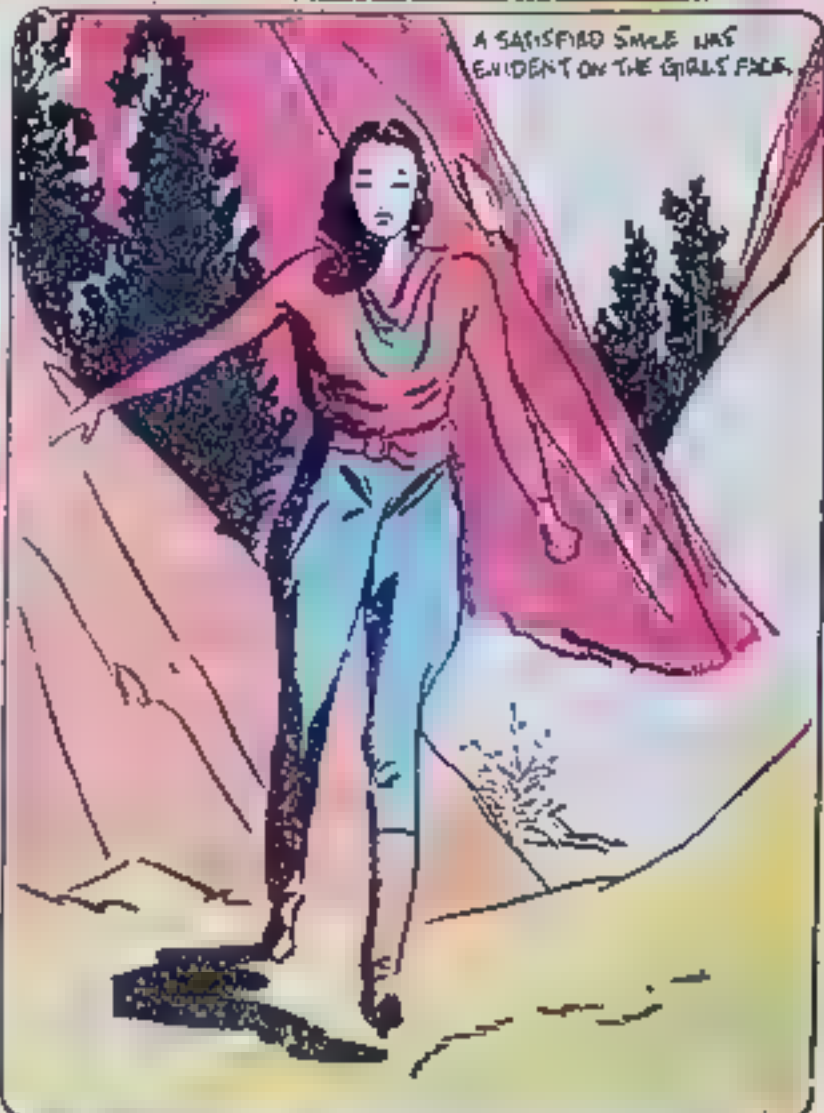
BY BERNARD BAILY

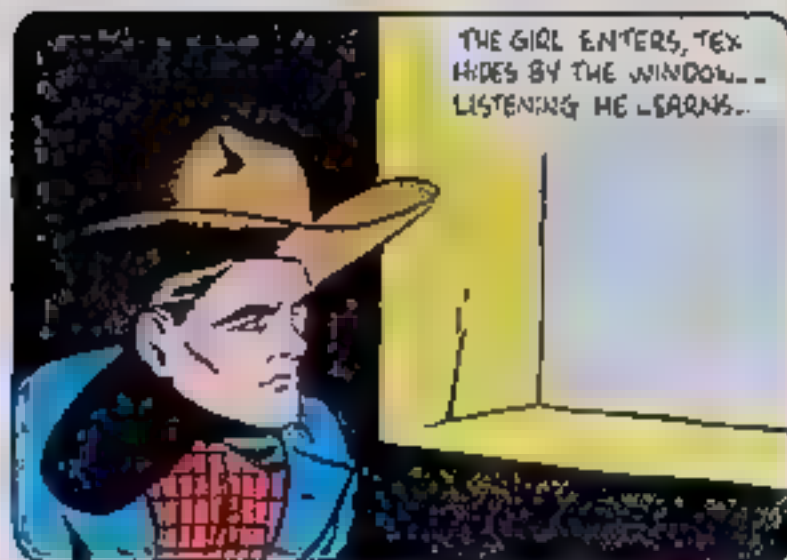
HAVING STRUCK IT RICH IN THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS, TEX THOMSON HAS LEFT HIS NATIVE COUNTRY TO TOUR THE WORLD. AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND TEX IN A SMALL TOWN IN ENGLAND. THE INACTIVITY IS BEGINNING TO BORE HIM...





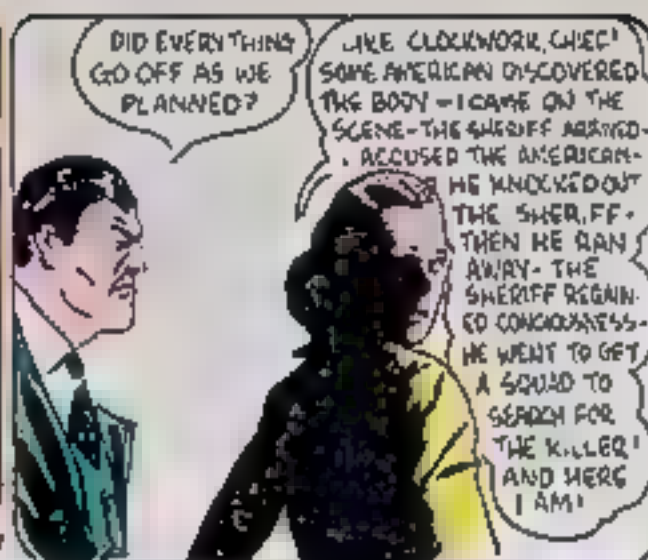






THE GIRL ENTERS, TEX
HIDES BY THE WINDOW...
LISTENING HE LEARNS...

... THAT
THE GIRL
IS PART
OF THE GANG
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE
DEATH OF
THE MAN
IN THE
WOODS.
AND THAT
THEY PLAN
TO FRAME
THE FIRST
PERSON
WHO FOUND
THE BODY.



DID EVERYTHING
GO OFF AS WE
PLANNED?

LIKE CLOCKWORK, CHIEF!
SOME AMERICAN DISCOVERED
THE BODY - I CAME ON THE
SCENE - THE SHERIFF ARRIVED -
ACCUSED THE AMERICAN -
HE KNOCKED OUT
THE SHERIFF -
THEN HE RAN
AWAY - THE
SHERIFF REGAIN-
ED CONSCIOUSNESS -
HE WENT TO GET
A SQUAD TO
SEARCH FOR
THE KILLER!
AND HERE
I AM!



SUDDENLY THE GIRL NOTICES
THE BOY HE IS HELD
CAPTIVE - EXPLAINING
WHY HE COULDN'T RETURN
WITH HER.

YOU'VE GOT TO
GET RID OF
THIS KID HE'S
THE ONLY WITNESS
THE COWBOY HAS.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM!
MONK! TAKE THIS KID OUT
AND GIVE HIM AN
AIRING!



TEX CLIMBS TO THE
ROOF OF THE
BUILDING

SO THAT'S WHY
BOBBY DIDN'T COME
BACK - WELL, I'LL
HAVE TO GET HIM OUT
OF THIS MESS



COME ON, KID! YOU
AND ARE GOING
OUT FOR A WALK!



ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

DON'T WORRY
KID - YOU'RE
NOT GOING
VERY FAR



WAITING UNTIL THE
GUNMAN PASSES BE-
NEATH HIM - TEX
LEAPS -

THE GUNMAN FALLS WITH
A PUL THUD!



A SHORT STRUGGLE AND
THE GANGSTER IS SUBDUED..



YOU STAY HERE AND
KEEP AN EYE ON THE
OUTSIDE- I'M GOING IN
AFTER THOSE MEN

RIGHTO!



A QUICK KICK
AND THE DOOR
OPENS.

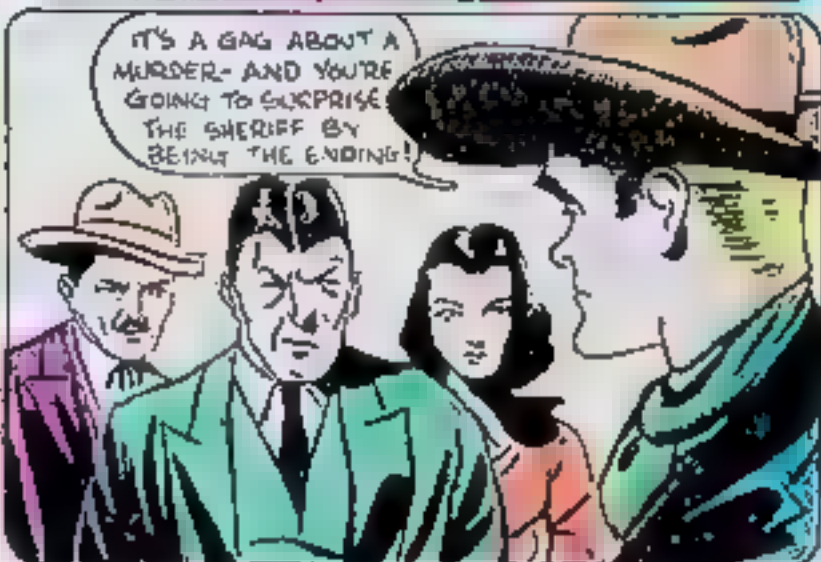
ALL RIGHT IN THERE
UP WITH YOUR
HANDS!



WHAT'S THE
GAG, COWBOY?



IT'S A GAG ABOUT A
MURDER- AND YOU'RE
GOING TO SURPRISE
THE SHERIFF BY
BEING THE ENDING!

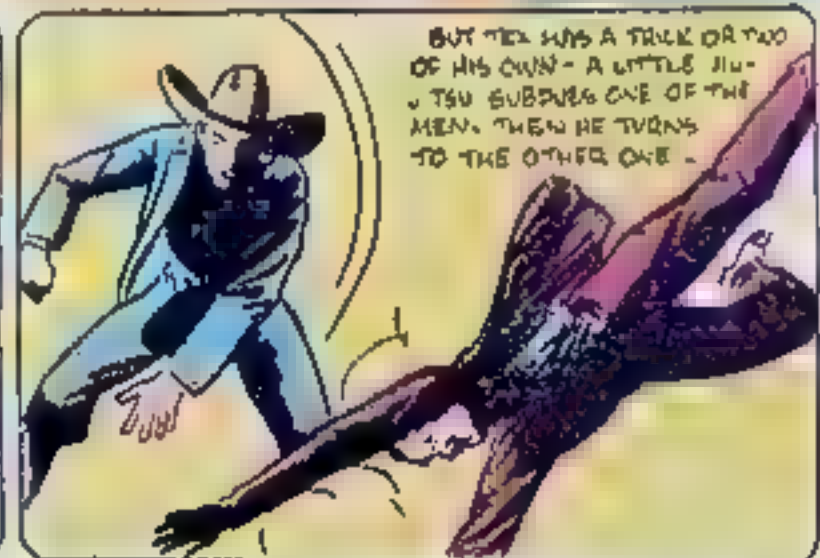
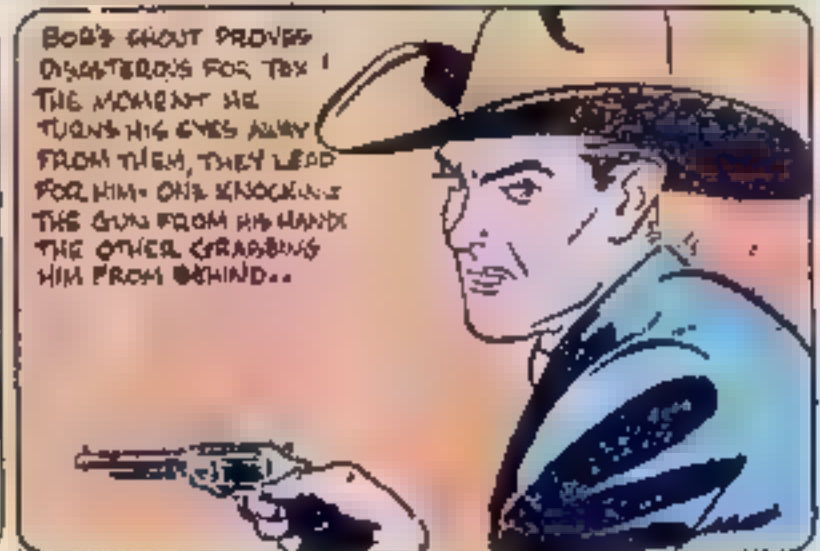


ANYONE BOB IS SO INTENT ON
THE HAPPENINGS WITHIN
THE HOUSE HE DOES NOT
NOTICE THAT MONK IS
BEGINNING CONSCIOUSNESS.



WITH A SHARP, MONK
TURN ON BOBBY...





THE BONDS
GUY, TEX, STILL
STANDS AS IF
HE WERE TIED,
TENDALLY WAITING
FOR AN OPPORTUN-
ITY TO CAPTURE
THE GANG OF
BROKEN GENTLEMEN



KNOWING THAT
TEX WOULD
BE ABLE TO
GO INTO ACTION
IF THE GANG'S
ATTENTION
WERE OBTAINED,
BOB BOLDLY
STEPS FORTH!



IN THE
MEAN-
TIME

WE GOT TO FIND
HELP - THEY'RE LIKELY
TO KILL MR. TEX!



BUT THE
LONG DIS-
TANCE IS
BEGINNING
TO TELL ON
THE BOY.
EXHAUSTED,
HE IS FORCED
TO SLOW
DOWN - SUD-
DENLY HE
IS GREETED
BY A LITTLE
GIRL...

✓

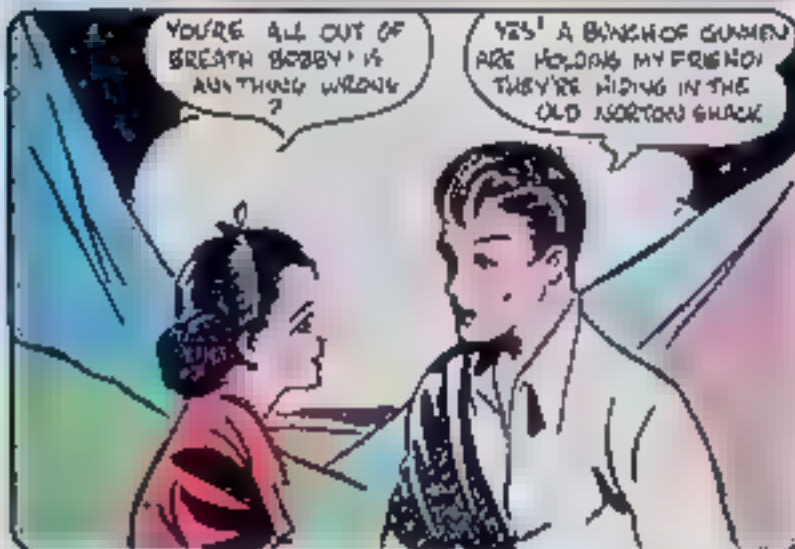
HELLO, BOBBY!

HUH? OH, BETTY -
GEE, YOU'RE A GOOD
SEND!

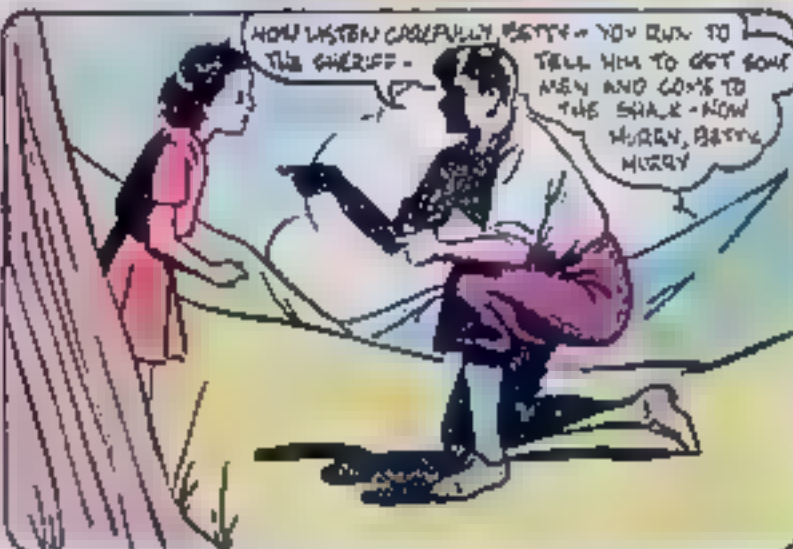


YOU'RE ALL OUT OF
BREATH, BOBBY! IS
ANYTHING WRONG?

YES! A BUNCH OF GUNMEN
ARE HOLDING MY FRIEND!
THEY'RE HIDING IN THE
OLD NORTON SHACK.



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, BETTY - YOU RUN TO
THE SHERIFF -
TELL HIM TO GET SOME
MEN AND COME TO
THE SHACK - NOW
HURRY, BETTY,
HURRY!



IMPRESSIONED WITH
THE SERIOUSNESS OF
THE SITUATION - BOBBY
RUNS AS FAST AS HE
CAN GO!



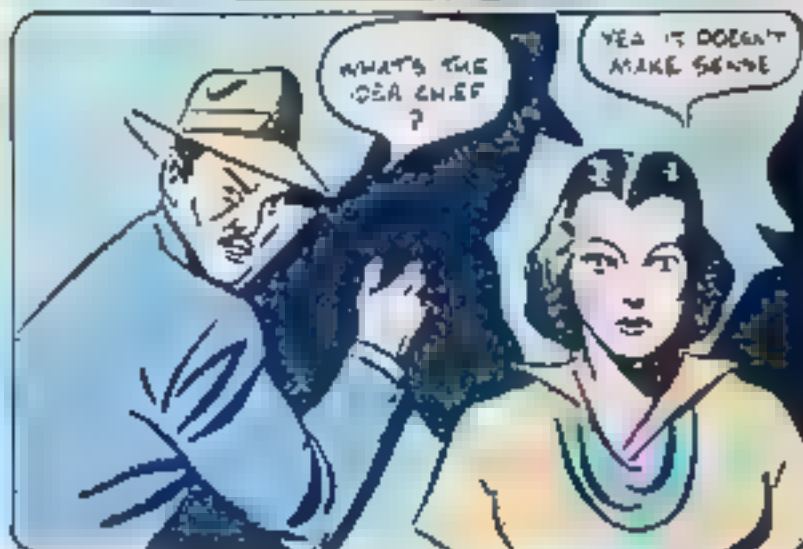
BOB HEADS BACK TO THE
SHACK, HOPING HE WILL
BE IN TIME TO PREVENT
THE KILLERS FROM HARMING
HIS FRIEND.

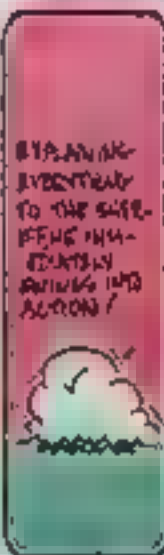
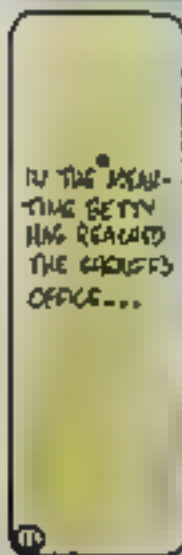
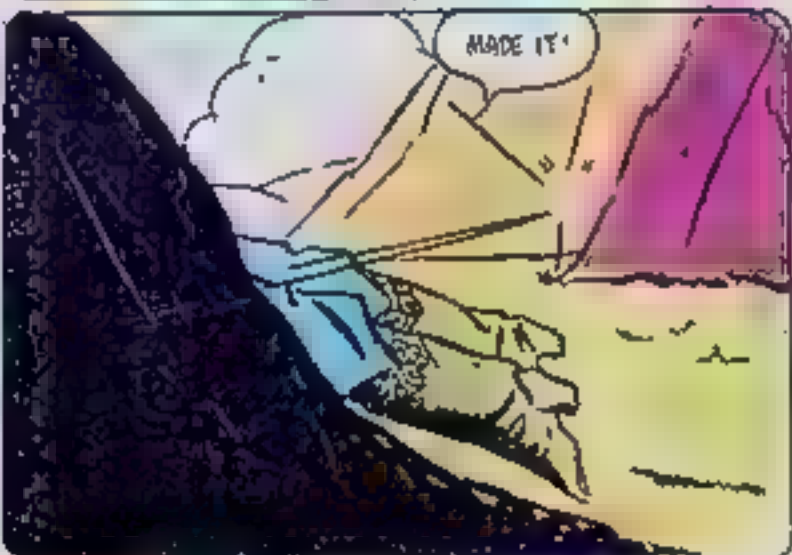
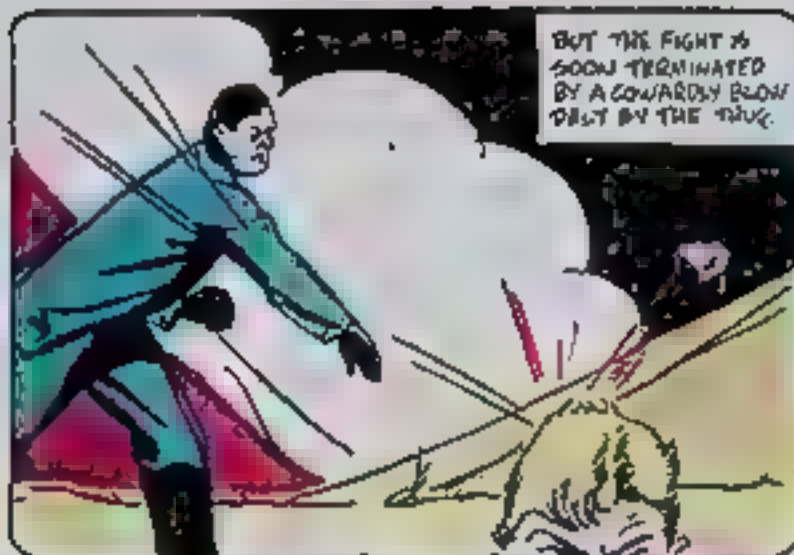


TAKING IN THE SITUATION,
BOB SEES A CHANCE OF
FREEING TEX.



HE SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE
TREE AND GIVES THE BONDY
THAT ARE HOLDING THE COWBOY.







Stardust

BY

THE
STAR-GAZER



FRED ASTAIRE

ONCE SAT IN A BOOTH DURING A BENEFIT GIVEN IN LONDON, AND DANCED WITH ANYONE WHO WOULD PAY TWO SHILLINGS TO DANCE WITH HIM. SO MANY WOMEN DANCED WITH HIM, THAT AFTER A FEW HOURS HE HAD TO BE DRIVEN HOME AND BE PUT TO BED. THE FOLLOWING YEAR AT THE SAME BENEFIT, HE SOLD STRAWBERRIES!



CONSTANCE

BENNETT

WORE A COSTUME DURING THE FILMING OF THE "AFFAIRS OF CELINI", THAT WEIGHED THIRTY POUNDS! SHE LOST AS MUCH AS THREE POUNDS A DAY, EVERY DAY THAT SHE WORE THE OUTFIT DURING THE MAKING OF THE PRODUCTION!



CHARLES BOYER,

SMOKED AS MANY AS FOUR PACKS OF CIGARETTES A DAY DURING THE FILMING OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" EVERY TIME HE STARTED TO SMOKE HE WAS CALLED TO ACT IN A SCENE!



WHEELER AND WOOLSEY

TWO OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST POPULAR COMICS, ARE INCORPORATED AS A TEAM! THEY'LL SHOW YOU THE PAPERS IF YOU DOUBT THEM!

ODDS 'N EVDS ---- BY MILLOFF

TAKE IT EASY, HORSEY
WE'LL FINISH IN THE
MONEY ANYHOW!

IN 1871 ONLY 5 HORSES STARTED
IN THE KENTUCKY DERBY

AND I
DON'T EVEN
TAKE A
WINDUP!

IN THE LAST 25 YEARS
ONLY 2 MEN HAVE COVERED
FIRST BASE FOR THE YANKS
WALLY PIPP AND GEHRIG

IT WAS ON JUNE
2, 1929 THAT HE REPLACED
PIPP AT FIRST-HE'S BEEN
MAKING RECORDS EVER SINCE

DID THAT
GO FAST OR
THROUGH ME?

REMEMBER THAT DAY
WHEN HE SMASHED OUT
4 HOME RUNS IN SUCCESS
10M AGAINST THE A'S

THE HARDEST
HITTER IN BASE
BALL HIS DRIVES
ARE LIKE A SHOT
FROM A CANNON

IT'S ALLRIGHT
GUY! IN
O.K.

"TARZAN" AS HE IS
CALLED BY HIS TEAM
MAKES 15 BASE BALL'S
HIGHEST AND STAR
AND NOW HAVING
CRASHED THE
MOVIES-WILL BE QUITE
A WEALTHY MAN
WHEN HE RETIRES

THERE'S NO DOUBT
ABOUT LEO'S SLUGGING
ABILITY-IT'S THE IRON
MAN PART THAT
PUZZLES YOU

THE RECORD FOR THROW-
ING A BALL IS 426 FT 9 1/2
IN. HELD BY SHELDOY
LESCONE (1910)



THE PITTSBURGH CLUB
HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE
"PIRATES" SINCE 1870, WHEN
SEVERAL PLAYERS WERE
TAKEN FROM OTHER TEAMS -



"LARRUPIN" LOU GEHRIG

LAST OF THE FAMOUS
YANKEE MURDERER'S ROW
OF '27. CONTINUES AS
THE IRON MAN OF BASE-
BALL AS HE NEARS HIS
2000TH CONSECUTIVE GAME

IN LIKE
A FLASH

AND OUT
LIKE A LIGHT

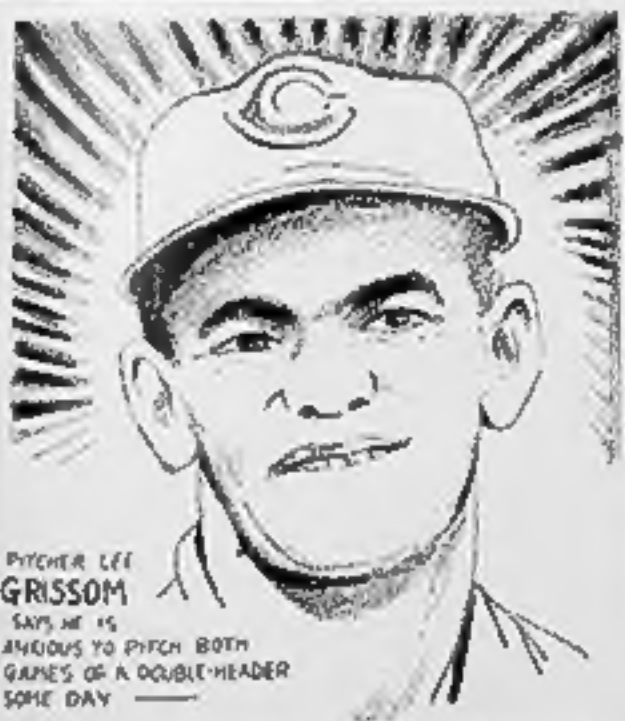


NORRIS POLK
AND OTIS
BAKER MET
IN A 6-ROUND BOUT - AFTER FLOORING
EACH OTHER IN THE 1ST THEY BOTH
LET GO WITH RIGHTS TO THE CHIN BOTH
WENT DOWN AND WERE OUT FOR 5 MINUTES
THE REFEREE CALLED IT A DRAW -



IN CARICATURE - BABE -RUTH -

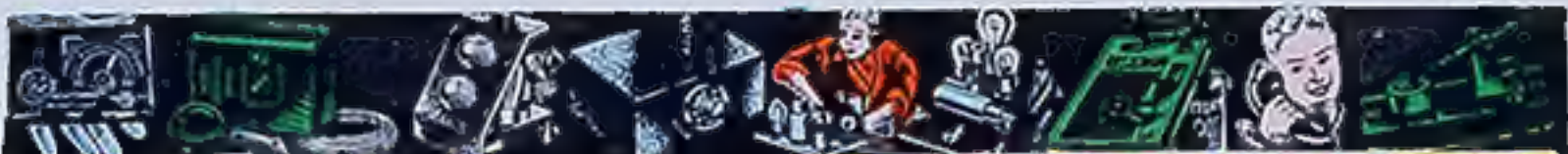
- IF RUTH
HAD RECEIVED
ALL THE BASES -
ON-BALLS AT ONCE
THAT HE HAD BEEN
GIVEN DURING HIS BIG
LEAGUE CAREER - HE WOULD
HAVE HAD TO WALK UP AND DOWN
THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
71 TIMES !!



PITCHER LEE
GRISSOM
SAYS HE IS
ANXIOUS TO PITCH BOTH
GAMES OF A DOUBLE-HEADER
SOME DAY



SAM LESLIE BELIEVES HE ONCE
ENDED A SLUMP BY STARTING TO
WEAR A NIGHTSHIRT INSTEAD OF
HIS USUAL PATAMAS !!



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